

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



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In this number:

Lord David Cecil, Sir Arthur Grimble, Rom Landau

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OF SWITZERLAND

The Listener

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General MacArthur's 'Pronunciamento'

By CLIFTON UTLEY

GENERAL MACARTHUR is the only living American General who habitually violates our American tradition—a General shall not speak on political matters and shall not try to make political policy. General Eisenhower, to be sure, has comparable, perhaps even greater political influence than General MacArthur. General Eisenhower, indeed, may even have an absolute veto over the next Republican Convention through the implicit threat that he, Eisenhower, might run for President on a Democratic ticket if the Republicans nominated Senator Taft, or any other candidate whose foreign policy views were unacceptable to General Eisenhower. Note that Eisenhower achieves this influence not through what he says, but rather through what he does not say. If Ike announced publicly that he was a Republican, he would immediately lose his possible veto power over the next Republican Convention, because then Republicans would not have to fear he might run as a Democrat. It is Eisenhower's good fortune that silence, and thus the observance of the American tradition that Generals shall not make statements designed to influence political policy, actually enhances his potential political position.

A lesser General who made political declarations of the type repeatedly made by General MacArthur would almost certainly be disciplined. It is characteristic of General MacArthur's political statements that they are frequently unco-ordinated with, and sometimes absolutely opposed to, the political policy of the Government he serves and to which, as a military commander,

he is supposedly subordinate. His latest *Pronunciamento*—the one wherein he said he was ready to meet the enemy commander on the Korean battlefield—followed the customary MacArthur pattern. General MacArthur is not disciplined for such actions for four reasons. First, he is regarded by many as the indispensable military commander; wherefore top political authorities tolerate political irregularity they would refuse to accept from others. Second, General MacArthur has a large political following in our country; and partly because of this he has a large following in Congress. Any move to call him to time for frequently embarrassing political statements would produce vocal support for MacArthur from Congressmen more concerned with embarrassing the Administration than with upholding the tradition of separation of political and military authority. Closely allied to this is point three: the fact that the present Administration is politically weak, and at the present time is almost at its all-time low in political prestige. To put it bluntly, with a great many people General MacArthur's prestige is greater than that of President Truman. Finally, there is the point that the nature of General MacArthur's assignment in the Far East, his post-war role approaching that of viceroy or American proconsul in Japan, has put him in a position where he has had to make certain spot political decisions. So the normal sharp dividing line between political and military leadership tended to become blurred. Once blurred, such dividing lines are re-established only with great difficulty.

General MacArthur's newest statement has embarrassed the

Truman Administration in at least three ways. It is no secret that the United Nations members with troops in Korea were considering another peace appeal to China, to be addressed when the last enemy troops had been pushed out of Southern Korea. By making his statement before the United Nations acted, MacArthur has to that extent taken some of the wind out of the United Nations' sails. Second, MacArthur's reference to the possibility of bombing China proper, in his words 'to the expansion of our military operations to China's coastal areas and interior bases', can be explained as a tactical statement designed to make the Chinese pull some of their forces back to China proper. But it is also clearly contrary to both United Nations' and United States' policy. Many persons here believe this is another case of MacArthur, through a public statement, trying to force the hand both of his own Government and of the United Nations.

Lack of Co-ordination

Finally, there was MacArthur's declaration that there should be no insuperable difficulty in arriving at decisions on the Korean problem, if the issues are resolved on their own merits, without being burdened by extraneous matters not directly related to Korea, such as Formosa and China's seat on the United Nations. This statement is at least open to interpretation of being a criticism of the January decision of the United Nations Political Committee, which provided that as soon as a Korean cease-fire agreement was reached the United Nations Assembly should then set up an appropriate body, including representatives from Red China, with a view to settling various Far Eastern problems, including Formosa and the issue of the Chinese United Nations' seat. The United States voted for this resolution, which is now at least inferentially opposed by General MacArthur's public statement. To say the very least, here is another case of lack of co-ordination between American political policy and the policy of America's most vocal and most political General.

For the first time since the war, America in recent months has begun to talk publicly about her strength, and the strength of the Free Nations associated with her. Let me give you a few examples. There was the deliberate publicity given the recent atomic tests in Nevada; and the announcement of the current tests on Eniwetok atoll in the Pacific. No security information was released, but there was a clear effort to impress Moscow with American atomic progress. Again, while no data was released, commentators were to a certain extent even encouraged to speculate on possible new atomic weapons. Last week, President Truman announced that our American armed forces have now reached a total of 2,900,000—double the number of nine months ago, when the Korean war began. It was pointed out that after the start of our build-up in 1940 it was twenty-one months before we reached the strength now attained in nine months.

Leading atomic scientists, men like Vannevar Bush, who obviously do not speak without Government approval, have recently been giving frequent speeches pointing out that Russia would be destroyed by superior American atomic weapons, should Russia start a war. Despatches from Turkey recently reported something that has been going on for some time, but which had not previously been publicly discussed—namely, the fact that American workmen in Turkey are completing work on not one but a series of Turkish air bases. A bit earlier there was the announcement that the United States had reached agreement with Britain to make thirteen Mediterranean and Near-Eastern air bases available to American air force planes for an indefinite period, a matter that certainly could have been done quietly had quiet been desired.

There are two reasons for this publicity barrage, so unlike our behaviour in previous years. The first is the fact that Mr. Alsop reported to you a fortnight ago that we are building our strength very rapidly, wherefore there is a new confidence in America, and a feeling that Russia will not dare start a war this year.

Second, there is also the realisation that, given the present and prospective rate of western build-up, there may be those in Moscow who will argue that if Russia is going to attack she must do so this year, before the west becomes stronger still. And before the arrival of the spring and summer seasons, which Moscow might deem appropriate for a move against Yugoslavia or some other point, there is a conscious effort to impress Moscow by publicity with the thing that is seriously believed here by a growing number of people, namely that it is already too late for Russia to start a world war with any real hope of final victory. It requires a nice sense of balance to decide just how much talking should be done about developing western strength in these circumstances. Some may object to the type, or the intensity, of the new publicity campaign. Nevertheless, its motives are clearly those I have described.

In one sense, there has been some undesirable relaxation here in the past month or so, now that Russia has not caused any new crisis for ninety days or more, and now that the Korean situation seems rather better in hand. Defence Secretary Marshall depicted this change in attitude graphically when he complained that in December Congressmen attacked him for not mobilising fast enough, but now he is being criticised for going too fast, and Congress is proposing to put a 4,000,000 ceiling on our American armed forces. Secretary Marshall's complaint is justified. There has been new evidence of the undeniable fact that we Americans are much more like the fabled hare than the tortoise. This new American atmosphere of relaxation may do some very real damage, but the important thing for you to keep in mind is that the damage done, if any, will be mostly damage to us, and not to the strength of the west.

The armed forces are now pouring out defence orders at the rate of 5,000,000,000 dollars a month. The armed forces expansion is going ahead on schedule. Enlistments are above expectations. The extension of the Draft Bill will be voted. The minimum draft age may be set at eighteen and a half, instead of eighteen, as desired by our Defence Department, but that will not make too much difference one way or the other. Congress may or may not set a 4,000,000 ceiling on the overall size of our armed forces. But since the present target towards which we are currently building is 3,500,000, that will not affect our expansion programme in the visible future. And Congress could, and would, raise the ceiling at any future time when events should make such action appear necessary. Our air power is being built up at a phenomenal rate, and, though secrecy in the atomic field is necessarily very far reaching, it should not be assumed that reports of more effective atomic weapons are only talk. Where the relaxation may do some real damage is on our home front. Congress thus far has made no progress towards enacting higher taxes. It now looks as though tax increases will not be voted in time to go into effect before October, if then. That means our domestic inflation will continue. But this, it should be emphasised, will hurt us on the home front, it will not decrease our contribution to the strengthening of the west.

Televising the Crime Committee

Now a postscript about an event that has focused American attention, this past week, more than any of the things I have been discussing. I am referring to the public hearing of the Senate Crime Committee held in New York and Washington and seen by fully 30,000,000 people by means of television. It is fair to say that in communities having television, work just about stopped during the televising of the Senate Committee hearings. Our jurists are now discussing whether such televised hearings do violence to basic principles of justice. Whatever they decide, it is certain that from these hearings more Americans than ever before have got a sense of participation in government, and a conviction that something must be done to end the corrupting influence of syndicate gambling and crime on American politics.—*Home Service*

Persia after the Assassination

By RICHARD WILLIAMS, B.B.C. Middle East Correspondent

JUST over a fortnight ago*, I was sitting in a simple office in Gulistan Palace, Teheran, talking to the late Persian Prime Minister. General Ali Razmara, a neat, slim figure, western in both outlook and appearance, was explaining in slow, deliberate English his policy of social reform, how he planned to develop the country's great resources and raise the standard of living of the people.



A peasant receives a land deed from the Shah, granted in accordance with the recent decision to sell the Crown lands to the peasants on very favourable terms

These were his primary aims. He had come to high political office for the first time eight months before, with all the prestige of a distinguished military leader. He was formerly Chief-of-Staff of the Persian armed forces. At the Shah's request he left the army and entered the stormy Persian political scene in order to establish a stable government and institute a policy of reform which both he and the Shah regarded as essential for the revival of the country's economy.

Friendly critics now think that perhaps he went too fast and tried to do too much. Certainly he quickly came up against sustained opposition from several quarters. It is argued that his lack of parliamentary experience was a serious handicap when he came to present a Bill or argue a case before the 130 deputies in the Majlis, the majority of whom represented powerful tribal and land-owning interests. When he was assassinated last week more than a hundred Bills still lay on the table in the Majlis, awaiting ratification.

Relations between the Government and Parliament (for there are no political parties in the western sense) had reached a deadlock; and it is characteristic of Persian politics in such a case that the deputies—in this instance the majority—who oppose a Prime Minister's policy will pass no legislation that might perpetuate the Government in power. Razmara was regarded by his opponents as too susceptible to western influence, whereas, in fact, as he told me, he was simply trying to conduct his foreign policy on the basis of being a good neighbour all round. He went out of his way to restore friendly relations with Russia, because he felt his country was too vulnerable to do anything else, while at the same time he extended a cordial hand to the Western Powers and accepted all the financial and technical help they were able to give. Although towards the end he had become a controversial political figure and had

achieved less than he and his well-wishers had hoped, he was generally regarded as an efficient, selfless and incorruptible servant of his country.

The most notable development in Persian foreign affairs in recent months has been the improvement of relations with Russia. No Persian can ever forget for long the 1,500-mile-long frontier with the powerful neighbour in the north. He still remembers vividly the abortive effort to establish a puppet communist regime in Azerbaijan five years ago. Since the end of the war particularly, the shadow of Soviet might has overclouded the Persian sky. And then, one summer's day last year, there was an abrupt change. The tone of radio propaganda, which had been directed to Persia in several languages for many hours each day from stations in Moscow, Baku and Tashkent, suddenly took on a muted note, and Mr. Ivan Sadchikov, the Soviet Ambassador, emerged from the seclusion of his high-walled Embassy in Teheran to make overtures for renewed bilateral trade between the two countries. This unexpected hand of friendship was grasped by the Persians, if not eagerly, certainly with a sense of relief. Here at least, they felt, was a respite in the 'cold war'. After insisting on certain conditions and securing the release of Persian frontier guards who had been arrested some time previously by the Russians, General Razmara agreed to negotiate, and last November a trade agreement was signed. The full terms have not been revealed, but it is known that it was on a barter basis. Persia would exchange dried fruits, rice, cotton and tobacco, of which she has a surplus, for Russian sugar, steel rails, cement and



Pipelines of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company running through the Agha Jari oilfields of southern Persia

textiles, which she badly needs. The transactions were to be canalised through government-controlled agencies, with a headquarters in Teheran. The purpose of the agencies was to cut out private trading, which would involve the exchange of currency, and ensure that the trade agreement would not be used as a means of political infiltration. In other words, it was to be a simple exchange of commodities at agreed prices between two governments. But it has not worked out quite so simply as that. On the Persian side the official agencies have not developed as was expected and no Persian goods have, as yet, been delivered to Russia. Meanwhile consignments from Russia have arrived on the frontier in Azerbaijan. And in Teheran it is known that the Russian trading authorities have concluded certain private transactions with individual Persian merchants, contrary to the original intention of the barter agreement.

This overnight switch in the Russian attitude towards Persia has undoubtedly brought some reward. It is widely felt throughout the country that, for the moment at any rate, the threat of aggression has been removed, and the Persian people, preoccupied with their own serious economic and financial plight, are inclined to blame the Western Powers for tardy and inadequate help, as they describe it, in developing the country, a situation which the illegal communist-inspired Tudeh Party, which is still active underground, has done its best to exploit.

'Fundamentally a Wealthy Country'

Fundamentally, Persia, despite widespread poverty, a high mortality rate and a low standard of living, is a wealthy country, rich in natural resources at present only partially developed. Peasants, with an average income of only £25 a year, form the bulk of the population. In the towns, industries have languished from lack of capital, out-of-date machinery and a lax direction. The Government itself is short of funds, and the Budget has not been balanced for a long time. Yet the economic situation is more favourable than it looks. A good harvest last year has assured the food supply; the Government has a year's stock of wheat in hand. The export trade has picked up, and unemployment has fallen.

All the financial experts who have visited Teheran in recent months agree that the present difficulties are attributable largely to one factor—the rigid currency situation. By law the note issue is limited to the equivalent of about £80,000,000, and it cannot be increased without the approval of the Majlis, and that approval has so far been withheld. There is not enough money—actual notes, that is—in the country to finance all the business activities, let alone developments like the seven-year plan. The National Bank has notes in hand only sufficient to meet essential commitments, and it has been compelled to restrict credit, which reflects itself in curtailed economic expansion.

Meanwhile the large conception of Persian development implicit in the seven-year plan has now been reduced to a few specific projects. The team of American consultants who carried out the preliminary survey work and produced the detailed blue-print of what should be done has left for home, and the staff of the plan organisation is now in course of being drastically reduced by four-fifths. Experts concerned with the execution of the plan attribute its partial failure to several causes: first, the lack of funds; oil royalties were to be the main source of income for the plan, and the Persian Parliament's failure to ratify the supplemental oil agreement deprived the Government of £45,000,000, which would have been payable last year. The decision to take over more than a hundred Government factories, many of which were running at a loss, made crippling demands on the funds available in the first year, and, finally, by recruiting too large a staff, the organisation became top-heavy, unwieldy and expensive.

All this does not mean that Persia has now abandoned planning altogether. A good deal has already been achieved. The Government factories are beginning to pay; an anti-malaria campaign on the Caspian coast last year produced very successful results; a central statistical office, which is basic to any future development, has been established, and, most important of all in a political sense, a railway is being built from Teheran to Tabriz; when it is completed it will be the only all-weather route linking the capital with the remote province of Azerbaijan, where, in the past, separatist movements have developed mainly because in winter the province was cut off by snow from the rest of the country. Further work will be undertaken as soon as a loan of 25,000,000 dollars from the Export-Import Bank becomes available. It has still to be ratified by the Majlis. It will be devoted to buying equipment for mechanising agriculture and to road construction.

Another new and bold development was the Shah's recent decision to sell the Crown lands on very favourable terms to the peasants. A Royal

Commission is now examining the best method of carrying it out. The estates, worth altogether between £12,000,000 and £15,000,000, will be sold at their market value, less one-fifth, and the peasants will pay over twenty-five years without interest. A start has been made at Veramin, south of Teheran, where 1,000 acres are being divided up among 120 peasants in lots of eight acres each, a unit large enough to support a family. Local co-operatives will be formed to take over the functions formerly carried on by the landlord, supplying oxen, feed and so on, and a new bank will be created to provide capital for the scheme out of the rents which the tenants will pay. Later, with adaptations for local conditions, the same scheme will be extended to the remaining Royal estates in other parts of the country. Some powerful tribal leaders have greeted the Shah's decision with little enthusiasm, but one large landowner told me that he thought some such step was inevitable in the long run.

The wealth of Persia lies in the land and in the oil beneath it. Oil has recently become a highly controversial issue in domestic politics, centring on the relations between the Persian Government and the large British company which operates the concession on the Persian Gulf. Last December, the Majlis refused to ratify the supplemental oil agreement, under which royalty payments were increased by fifty per cent., which with back payments to 1948 would have brought a sum of £45,000,000 to the Persian Treasury.

The whole question was referred to a Parliamentary Commission which is now sitting. And it is here that Dr. Moussadek, leader of the National Front, a small extremist right-wing group with only eight deputies out of the hundred and thirty in the Majlis, introduced his proposal for the nationalisation of the Persian oil industry, a slogan that evoked considerable popular support. General Razmara had already made it clear that, in his opinion, Persia, quite apart from the terms of the concession which runs until 1993, had neither the technical nor financial resources to run the oil industry itself. He favoured a reasonable agreement with the company. In the heat of debate the generous terms of the supplemental agreement and the benefits that have accrued to Persia as a result of the company's activities were overlooked, and the future course of negotiations for an agreement on royalties, which every thoughtful Persian admits is essential to a stable economy, is still uncertain. It is one of the many problems which face the newly-appointed Prime Minister, Hussain Ala, as he takes up office.

—General Overseas Service

Broadcasting in 'Radio Newsreel' from Cairo on March 18 on his return from Teheran RICHARD WILLIAMS spoke about the unanimous vote by the Persian Parliament on March 15 in favour of nationalising the oil industry. 'The political campaign conducted in Teheran for the nationalisation of the Persian oil industry', he said, 'gathered momentum only recently. Initially, it was led by the National Front, a small right-wing group without any mass following in the country, and with only eight deputies in the Majlis, the Persian Parliament. The group advocates a policy of extreme nationalism, and the removal of all the foreign influence which it claims to detect in the country's economy and its political life. Up till now, at any rate, the National Front has been as much anti-Russian as it has been anti-west, but the success of the campaign on the oil question soon persuaded the outlawed Tudeh Party, which is communist-inspired and still active underground, to press the same demand in an uneasy, un-sought-for alliance of extreme right and extreme left. Known members of the Tudeh Party addressed meetings and staged demonstrations in the capital, while the secret democratic radio, Azerbaijan, as it styles itself, maintains a continuous flow of propaganda against the west. All this had its effect on the deliberations of the Oil Commission, which had been appointed by the Majlis to report on the oil question. The proposal for nationalisation was approved by the Commission unanimously, and subsequently endorsed by the Majlis. Many thoughtful Persians to whom I spoke in Teheran had serious misgivings at the trend of events, misgivings which were publicly voiced by the late Prime Minister, Ali Razmara, when he said that the Persians were not, at present, in a position to run the oil industry themselves. His assassination by a fanatical group removed a powerful stabilising influence from Persian politics. The British Company operating the oil concession on the Persian Gulf carries on its activities under an agreement negotiated with the Persian Government of the day in 1933. The concession is valid for sixty years, and article 21 provides that the Persian Government will not unilaterally revoke the concession or alter its terms'.

Visit to the Sultan of Morocco

By ROM LANDAU

THOUGH Sidi Mohammed V, Sultan of Morocco, will celebrate next year the Silver Jubilee of his accession to the throne, he is still only forty years old. In his native white robes, which he usually wears, he looks older; in European dress, which he invariably chooses for his favourite pastimes of riding, lawn tennis, shooting and motoring, he appears much younger than his years, and it is hard to believe that he himself has already made so much history. But when you meet him, you realise that behind his youthful appearance, his charming smile and his proverbial courtesy, there is great sagacity and an indomitable will. And when you talk to common Moorish folk, you are left in no doubt as to the deep affection in which the Sultan is held by his people.

His present popularity is the more surprising since in 1927, when the French chose him to become the new ruler, he was a timid and colourless youth. But in the last few years and, especially in the last month or two, he has proved that he is a true leader of his people, and few of his predecessors enjoyed his enormous prestige. But then during the last century the sultanate had fallen upon evil days, and corruption and inefficiency distinguished most of the successive Moorish kings. So it is a new experience for the Moroccans to have a ruler who works harder than anyone else on their behalf, and who in every respect is an inspiration to them. For in his person the Sultan exemplifies many of their own innermost personal and national strivings. He is deeply religious, and insists that national morality be rooted in religion. But he is also very progressive-minded in matters of education, administration and economics. He runs his own farms on the latest scientific methods, and spends much of his personal fortune building modern native schools. Though some of the older people are critical of the fact that his own two daughters dress in European fashion, ride and swim, and attend public functions, most Moorish mothers hope that one day they, too, may be able to bring up their daughters along modern lines.

Let me now mention two incidents that illustrate certain significant traits in the Sultan's character. One evening last autumn the car of a friend of mine who was travelling from Fez to Rabat broke down, and he was wondering how to continue his journey. Presently another car came along and pulled up, and its owner offered to take my friend to Rabat. Only when he entered the car did he realise that he was being given a lift by His Majesty Sidi Mohammed V. And now a more personal experience. Not long after my friend's adventure the Sultan granted me an audience. In the course of our conversation I mentioned that I should very much like to be present when the Sultan delivered his speech from the throne on what is called the Day of the Throne, or the anniversary of his accession to the sultanate in 1927. On this particular occasion the national festival was awaited with utmost impatience, for in his speech the Sultan was to give his people an account of his recent State visit to Paris, which forms a milestone

in modern Moorish history. During that visit, as you may remember, he had asked the Paris Government that the present French protectorate over Morocco be replaced by a greater measure of native independence. His request having been refused, the Moroccan people looked forward anxiously to this speech, for in it the Sultan was to lay down the new policy that the country would have to follow.

There was one snag about my prospects of attending the ceremony. The speech from the throne is reserved exclusively for natives, and no European has ever been present. So, not surprisingly, when I made my request the Sultan seemed taken aback. But after a moment he smiled, and said, 'I cannot invite you officially because that would create a precedent, and everyone will wish to be present. But if you are early enough at the palace gate we'll see whether we cannot push you in informally'.

I believe the two incidents I have just quoted reveal that the Sultan is rather democratic-minded and unconventional. Unlike his forebears, Sidi Mohammed V enjoys cutting through the red tape of Court routine, and relies upon his own common sense rather than on fussy conventions. When the Day of the Throne arrived, I somehow managed to make my way through the crowds waiting outside the palace, and sure enough, I soon found myself picked out by a Court official who discreetly performed the promised informal 'pushing-in'.

Naturally, everyone present within the precincts of the palace knew that the occasion was of the greatest significance. Yet nothing in the crowd's demeanour revealed the seething excitement. The many notables who had come specially to Rabat from all over the country were sitting in the main palace courtyard, silent and inscrutable. In

their flowing white robes and with their noble bearing they formed as impressive a picture as any you are likely to find in this hectic world of ours. But nothing during that hour of general waiting was more effective than the arrival of the Grand Vizier, or Prime Minister, Si Mohammed el Mokhri. Mokhri is older than any Prime Minister in history, he is 110, and his uninterrupted spell of more than forty years in the same office forms a record that no other Prime Minister has ever beaten. The Grand Vizier arrived on the arm of his favourite grandson, Sadeq el Glaoui. Those unacquainted with Moorish affairs will find nothing remarkable in the fact of a grandfather being led by his grandson. But in this particular case the grandson's father happens to be the famous Pasha of Marrakesh, the Sultan's only opponent among native notables, in fact the only pasha who was absent from the palace. Whereas the Grand Vizier is short, with a clipped white beard and pink-and-white complexion, his grandson is tall, dark-skinned, of striking looks, and as princely in appearance as any hero from Arabian story-books. Grandfather and grandson personified not only two very different physical types, but also two policies that are poles apart. For the Grand Vizier has always been one of the Sultan's most loyal servants.

The other telling moment occurred when, after the arrival of General

(continued on page 510)



Sidi Mohammed V, Sultan of Morocco, delivering his speech on the Day of the Throne at Rabat

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Church and State behind the 'Iron Curtain'

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Understandable

I BELIEVE', said Robert Lowe, speaking in the House of Commons on July 15, 1867, in a debate on the second Reform Bill, 'it will be absolutely necessary that you should prevail on our future masters to learn their letters'. Nine years later compulsory education was established. All that was fewer than a hundred years ago. Yet how different is the atmosphere in our own times. In the mid-nineteenth century the government of this country was still in the hands of a relatively limited class; though the House of Lords had passed its prime, it was not thought remarkable that either the Prime Minister or the Foreign Secretary should be a member of the Upper House or that the bulk of the Cabinet should belong to or be related to the peerage. The very phrase 'our future masters' reminds us that the 'two Englands' of which Disraeli wrote were a reality. The old traditions died hard and the spirit of equality which was a passion with the French and a commonplace with the Americans has been slow to permeate the British way of life. How far the road to educational reform was blocked by the old conceptions of social inequality it is hard to say. But we may recall that England lagged behind other nations (including Scotland) in the field of higher education; that proposals for raising the school leaving age introduced by the late H. A. L. Fisher in the Lloyd George Coalition Government long remained unfulfilled; and that the case for doing so was advocated in the early 'thirties not so much for educational reasons as in order to reduce unemployment.

Today, however, the social conscience is more prickly on this subject. In a broadcast which we publish this week by Dr. W. D. Wall, Reader in Education at Birmingham University, perturbation is expressed because among eighteen-year-olds one man in six 'would find it difficult or impossible to read the better magazines'. This statement is derived from a pamphlet on *Reading Ability* just published by the Ministry of Education. The same pamphlet indicates that three out of ten boys and girls whose schooling began in 1938 left school 'backward or worse'. But those were the children whose education was interfered with by the war and whose home lives were disturbed by the circumstances of wartime.

In his talk Dr. Wall describes some remedial measures that are being taken to overcome educational deficiencies and meet the problems of men and women who are illiterate or semi-literate. At the moment it is generally recognised that scarcity of trained teachers and of school buildings is handicapping the fulfilment of the 1944 Education Act; but at the same time it is hoped that the educational system for the mass of the people will be better and fuller than it has ever been before in our history. Also much attention is being paid by educational authorities and by sociologists to circumstances in home life that may have a deleterious effect on children's education. In a talk by Professor Timmuss which we printed a fortnight ago he said: 'In every area of a child's life—its physical health and habits, its emotional development, its educational progress, its clothes, its toys and its play—in all its stages of growth and activity, the modern child receives far more care and attention than the child of fifty years ago'. And after all our educational position is better than that in many countries. When we worry over a one per cent. figure of illiteracy or because a large proportion of listeners to the B.B.C. are still incapable of understanding simple talks, we ought also to recollect that our educational standards are nevertheless relatively and absolutely high. If after the most terrible war in our history there are still pockets of resistance to progress it is understandable.

WHILE ALL CHRISTIAN CHURCHES in communist-dominated countries are being subjected to persecution in one form or another, the removal of Archbishop Beran from his palace in Prague has focused attention recently on the persecution of the Catholic Church. Following upon the action taken against Archbishop Beran, Prague radio broadcast recorded extracts from the ceremony at which four Bishops and two Diocesan Administrators took the oath of allegiance to the State. Speaking on behalf of the Bishops, Dr. Carsky stated:

We all unconditionally recognise the validity of the state laws, particularly the laws about the state office for church affairs. . . . We shall not recognise ecclesiastical punishments and shall not carry out these punishments against clergy and laymen if inflicted for political reasons. We shall endeavour to establish permanently good relations between the State and the Church.

What 'good relations between the State and the Church' signifies in the satellite countries was made clear in broadcasts last week from Rumania, which devoted much attention to a conference of the Rumanian Roman Catholic community. This conference was clearly a further step in the movement to create a schismatic Catholic Church, subject to the communist regime and divorced from the Vatican. Broadcasts from Bucharest on this conference quoted an (excommunicated) Archpriest as emphasising the importance of church-state co-operation and 'the holy duty of Catholic priests and laymen to join the immense struggle for a lasting peace'. And he added:

Not one of us can remain behind the Catholics of Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland, who have found the right way of harmonious collaboration between Church and State.

According to the broadcast, a resolution was passed at the conference expressing the gratitude of the Catholic Convention to the Government. 'Abiding by the teachings of Christ' the assembly hailed the decisions of the World Peace Council and was 'deeply convinced that it will serve the cause of peace first of all by creating those conditions which will make possible the inclusion of the Rumanian Roman Catholic Church in the legal order of our Fatherland'.

Other Bucharest broadcasts described the plans being made in Rumania to collect signatures during April for the World Peace Council's appeal for a peace pact. These broadcasts made it clear that the tremendous efforts made earlier to collect signatures for the Stockholm Peace Appeal were of little avail; that had now been superseded. Nevertheless, the 'experience gained' in collecting the alleged millions of signatures for the earlier appeal would come in useful. The line the new campaign would take was then made clear: although mass organisations must be mobilised for the collection of signatures, 'the most important means of propaganda was the man-to-man talk, which must be better organised than in the past. The arguments used must be intelligible to all'. And, it was added:

We must refresh the memory of all workers, we must remind them of the humiliation and sufferings which they endured when the imperialists and their agents ruled our country. . . . It was the principal task in the fight for peace to reveal to the peoples the true face of the capitalist monsters.

One of the favourite themes of Rumanian broadcasts has been to emphasise that only since the Soviet 'liberation' have the people known true freedom and independence; and the same thing, of course, applies to Hungary. Last week Budapest radio quoted an article by Major-General Janka who declared that although Hungarians had 'ardently loved their country for a thousand years', it had never been more than a 'step-mother' before the liberation. The Major-General continued:

Our patriotism is constructive. To us, patriotism means that we love the motor of our progress, the leading force of the country, the Hungarian Workers' Party, that we are loyal to it for better or worse and are ready to make every sacrifice to realise the aims it has set itself for the good of the working people. To us, patriotism means that we love our liberator, the retriever of our national independence, the invincible guardian of the happiness of peace and socialism, the U.S.S.R., and the greatest benefactor of our people, our great friend, Stalin.

Adulation of Mr. Stalin came to the fore particularly last week in connection with innumerable broadcasts on the Stalin prizes that have been awarded for contributions to 'Soviet science, the most progressive in the world'.

Did You Hear That?

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL AND ITS SCARS

'ONE JUNE AFTERNOON a good many years ago I saw the Temple for the first time', said GEORGE GODWIN in a Home Service talk. 'I went in through the fine Wren archway in the Strand, passed down narrow Middle Temple Lane and so came into Fountain Court. The sun was shining. The famous fountain was in play. The great plane trees were in full leaf. And pigeons filled the warm air with the movement of their wings. And there, on the south side of the Court, mellow and majestic, I saw the great Elizabethan Hall. For me, that was the moment of decision—I had been exploring the four Inns with a purpose. I wanted to enter one or other of them as a student, but which should it be? I had no one to whom I could go for advice. So I had decided that I would elect for that Inn to which I felt most attracted. I admit it was a curious method of choice—but was it such a bad one? I didn't think so then. I don't think so now. There is an old jingle that goes: "Gray's Inn for walks; Lincoln's Inn for a wall; the Inner Temple for a

restored Hall reopened she did so standing at the Cupboard, and from the Cupboard she read grace when on several occasions she dined in Hall—once as hostess to the King, Treasurer of the sister Society, the Inner Temple, at a joint Bench dinner. When students are called to the Bar the ceremony takes place in Hall before dinner, the men and women to be called dining in wig and gown. All sign the Rolls of Barristers on the Cupboard.

'Early in the morning of October 19, 1940 a landmine detonated at the junction of Crown Office Row and Harcourt Buildings, directly opposite the east end of the Middle Temple Hall. Blast and an enormous block of stone stove a great hole in the east wall, crashed through the gallery and screen completely wrecking both, and sending, like an avalanche, a mass of debris in a cloud of dust the length of the Hall. I was then living at No. 2 Harcourt Buildings and sustained cuts and shock. It was about five o'clock in the morning when I made my way into the Hall. At that time I was keeping a rough log or diary, and find I wrote later that day: "I was horrified, numbed. The east end was all open to the sky, the fine screen and gallery gone. Everything was smothered with foul debris. The tears ran down my face. A curious thing: I went straight to the Cupboard and raised the false top and turned to the others and said: 'Well, the Cupboard is all right'".

'Yet, in only ten years, out of that seemingly hopeless ruin has come once more perfection. A hundred sacks of fragments were salvaged and sent to the country. In 1947 they were brought back to be reassembled and repaired'.

COLOUR HARMONY WHILE YOU WORK

Recently some scientists discovered that if you use more colourful paint in the right way, the factory workers respond to them and the output may even go up. DOUGLAS WILLIS spoke to some experts in this modern subject and described his conversation in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'The specialists I met work in their own studio, and they travel all over the country and diagnose the colour complaints of industry. They inspect the building concerned, they take photographs and then they return to their studio to prepare a complete colour scheme, specially tailored for the needs of the job. They recently prepared a planned colour scheme for an American-owned company at Slough, in Buckinghamshire. The American owner came over to see this factory, and he was

so pleased with the way it looked that he went back home and had all his American factories painted in the same way.

'The biggest progress in giving industry a new look has been in Lancashire, where more than 600 mills lost their white-washed walls and their black-painted machines. The walls and ceilings, the girders and pipes have been painted in pastel shades, and the machines have been painted in creams and egg-shell blues. The workers appreciate the change. One girl said that it was a pleasure to come to work; when the sun shines, she said, the shop looks so beautiful. Some of the men, after initial hesitation, got to like the new colours so much that they went home and redecorated their houses.

'The proper use of colour has been given a tremendous fillip by post-war reaction to war-time austerity, and schools, hospitals,



Middle Temple Hall, London; and (right) oak doors which were added in the seventeenth century

garden; the Middle for a Hall". And it was the Hall that decided me.

'The furnishings of the Hall are plain, but rich in historical association. Along the west wall extends the dais. Here the benchers dine at a table nearly thirty feet in length whose top is composed of three magnificent oak planks, the gift, according to tradition, of Queen Elizabeth, and cut from a Windsor tree. Below the bench table, placed centrally, is a small table six feet by four. Nobody would look at this small table twice, yet for many centuries, indeed before even the Hall was built, it played—and still plays—an important part in the life of the Inn. For all executive and ceremonial acts touching the life of the Inn are performed from this table, which is known, curiously enough, as the Cupboard. It was from this little table in August 1586 that the Treasurer welcomed home that illustrious Middle Templar Sir Francis Drake after his expedition with twenty-five ships against the French. Drake presented the Inn with timber from his *Golden Hind*, and that now forms the table top. A false top protects the famous ship's timber. When in 1949 our present Queen, as Treasurer of the Middle Temple, declared the



and station buffets as well as factories are being encouraged to do away with their cream and dark green and brown and black surroundings. In hospitals particularly the new pastel shades produce a brighter and more cheerful atmosphere which has a good psychological effect on both the patients and the staff. But it is in factories that the greatest advances have been made. It has been found that employees take more care of their machinery when it has been brightly painted, and the use of light shades increases the natural light and makes it easier for them to see what they are doing. I was told that in one factory the girls were so impressed with the new colour scheme that they felt it was competing with their own appearance; they had been working in bare feet, but soon after their department had been painted they insisted on wearing shoes and stockings'.

WILD GOOSE CHASE

'For three years', said PETER SCOTT in a Home Service talk, 'the Severn Wildfowl Frust, an organisation whose object is the study of the wildfowl problem, has been experimenting, trying to perfect a method of catching wild geese, using rocket-propelled nets. It is only during this last autumn and winter that we have been really successful; during the previous winter we caught just over a hundred geese but since October we have caught over 600.

'We made our first attempts with our new equipment in Scotland soon after the Pink-footed Geese arrived there from their breeding-grounds in Spitzbergen, and Iceland and Greenland. At that time (it was October) the geese were feeding in some large stubble fields, flying at dawn from the lochs where they had been roosting, to glean all day on these oat stubbles. This was the pattern of our operations. Having selected what we thought would be the best field, we put the geese away from it, and set our net quickly, hoping to be ready before they came back again. It is a laborious business setting out this net, and especially hiding it, covering it with thin wisps of straw and grass. As soon as we had finished we retired into a hide at the edge of the field to wait. A wire led out from the electric battery in the hide to the rockets at each end of the net—actually we had two nets, quite small ones about thirty yards long.

'Then came the exciting moment as the first geese came back. Would they settle in our field, would they settle near our net, or would they see it and sheer off? The first geese to return are usually quite a small bunch. If they do settle in exactly the right place—or what it comes to is if our net has been set in exactly the right place—then during the next five or ten minutes the excitement will be really terrific. Twenty geese are down, and down in the right place, just in front of the net, and 1,000 more are on their way in bunches and skeins strung across the distant sky. Will the first twenty stay until the others arrive? A hundred mishaps may prevent it: they may become suspicious of the hidden net, not well enough hidden, or of the hidden watchers, again not well enough hidden, or a farm cart may appear, or a shepherd, or a rabbit-catcher. But if they are still there, then the new geese will come tumbling out of the sky—"whiffing"—a hurtling headlong dive with violent twists in which the birds sometimes turn upside down. Curiously enough they never seem to do a full roll—only a half roll and back again the same way. And the noise that goes with it—a tearing-calico noise of rushing wings—and a great babel of goose talk too.

'As they get near the ground they glide in on set wings and then with a few rapid flaps they are down—a hundred more among the first twenty right in front of the net, and still more are coming and dropping down until there are perhaps a thousand standing in a tight cluster, still alert with their heads up—a moment of unbelievable tension, because most of them would still jump clear of the net when they are on the alert. They must begin to feed; they must be off their guard when we fire. If all is well their heads begin to go down, and in another minute all but a few ganders are busy looking for the dropped oats among the stubble. Now is the moment, because in a few minutes they will have spread out, wandering about the field. All ready—cameras all set—cine-camera at slow motion—all right—start the movie—fire! With a whoosh the rockets go out at forty-five

degrees, taking the net out twenty yards over the heads of the geese nearest to it. The geese have risen a few feet but some of them are under the net as it sinks down. We have made a catch. Maybe twenty or thirty; our average over fourteen shots in October was twenty-eight'.

A DEPRESSED AREA IN SCOTLAND

In a talk in the Scottish Home Service, NEIL MCCALLUM spoke recently of a depressed area in Scotland—Stornoway. 'In Stornoway', he said, 'that distant outpost in the Atlantic that seems much further away from Glasgow and Edinburgh than London, though it is half the distance—



Stornoway, capital of Lewis, Outer Hebrides

J. Allan Cash

they are busy with something quite different from watching the spring arrive, even a Hebridean spring. The island of Lewis, of which Stornoway is the capital, lives on three things: fishing, tweed manufacture, and crofting. All of these are in a very bad way. A conference at Stornoway has been attempting to find an answer to the island's difficulties.

'Fishing has been poor (less than a sixth in value of what it used to be). The mainland ports appear to have drawn away some of Stornoway's trade, and the herring themselves have vanished. Tweed production, which was a mainstay, has declined from its war-time prosperity so that there are many idle looms and considerable unemployment. The island tweed industry built itself up by its own efforts. It has undoubtedly received a hard knock from the big stick of purchase tax. At present, with costs rising everywhere, the island tweed industry is not in a happy position.

'A speaker at Stornoway said that in Lewis they were being penalised for manning one of the most important outposts of Britain. Lewis is potentially a wealthy island, said another. "Put us to work", he cried, "we are tired of being idle". It is strange, surely, that the Government is not getting the revenue from purchase tax on the island, because the tax makes the tweed too dear for the ordinary market, and at the same time the Government is having to pay unemployment benefit to persons who would be making the tweed if it were not for the tax. The plight of Lewis shows how an area of real depression can exist almost unnoticed in a country which, in a general sense, is experiencing full employment and considerable production.

'For example, the cost of freight in the Highlands—of sending a gallon of paraffin or a roll of wire netting—to the far north or to the islands, adds tremendously to what the local people have to pay. Food is ten to twenty per cent. dearer, for example. The freight on materials for housing is very heavy. Some say the solution is to have a "flat rate"—just as we have in the post office, where a twopence-halfpenny stamp takes a letter to the next-door neighbour or to John o' Groats'.

The Pleasure of the Eye

By LORD DAVID CECIL

I MUST begin by asserting dogmatically that the arts are not today in a healthy condition. This does not mean that they are neglected. Ill health is the last thing to be neglected by the Welfare State in which it is our glorious privilege now to live. This is as true of artistic health as of other kinds. Never before in history, surely, can so much effort have been made to make the arts flourish. In schools there are drawing classes, music classes, classes for the appreciation of literature. The state helps to finance concerts, theatrical performances, lectures, exhibitions.

Art Doesn't Pay

Yet the fact remains that art, to put it crudely, does not pay its way. The concerts and exhibitions have to be heavily subsidised, and never has there been a period when artists found it so hard to make a living. Further, though there is any amount of skill and talent among them, the works they produce are on a smaller scale than the masterpieces of the past. Many people have remarked on all this and many explanations have been offered for it. As is common in human affairs, these explanations differ according to the predominant pre-occupations of the people who offer them. Religious people say that the reason is because we are not religious enough; communists say that the reason is that we are not communistic enough; psychologists say that it is because we are insufficiently well-adjusted psychologically. These explanations are not borne out by the facts. Such artists as are religious seem to do no better than the atheists. The art produced in communist countries is singularly uninspiring. As to psychology, how many artists in any age have been what psychologists call well-adjusted? On the contrary, by their standards many have been morbid and some mad. Anyway, rightly or wrongly, all these explanations fail, surely, to take account of a far more obvious and important point to be considered in connection with this question. And that is, how little store is set by people nowadays on those particular pleasures in which the enjoyment of art is rooted. To put it briefly, we live in a society that does not value the beautiful.

No doubt, if I were talking in a crowded room instead of in the protective solitude of a B.B.C. studio, somebody would now get up and ask me acrimoniously what exactly I mean by 'the beautiful'. And I should stammer and hedge and cut a poor figure. Indeed, it is not easy to define beauty. But then, it is not easy to define most things. This does not prove that the thing to be defined does not exist. I mean when I say 'beautiful' what everyone means when they talk of a beautiful sunset, a beautiful daffodil, a beautiful pearl necklace. I mean—to put it roughly—something that appeals first to my senses and then through them to my imagination. Its colours and forms please the eye in the first place; and in the second it suggests all manner of pleasant dreams and trains of fancy to the mind.

Now this delight in the beautiful is something instinctive in human nature. We are composed of body and soul. Our bodies are pleased in so far as they are experiencing pleasant sensations; our souls in so far as they are irradiated by agreeable visions. The beautiful meets both these demands: in consequence, human beings naturally seek for it. Children do; if they find a bright-coloured feather, immediately, instinctively, they stick it in their caps. This is partly because the colour pleases their eyes, and partly because wearing it in their caps makes them feel like Robin Hood or Big Chief Golden Eagle or whatever figure they like to identify themselves with in fantasy. Primitive savages were—to judge by the accounts given of them by explorers—much the same. If you wanted to stop them knocking you on the head, you could not do better than present them with some glittering beads. For their hearts would be softened by an appeal to their sense of beauty.

Up till a hundred or so years ago, human society was largely occupied in developing and enriching this sense—much more so than to making itself comfortable, for example. An Elizabethan noble did not live much more comfortably than his poorer neighbours. His chairs were almost as hard; he had very little more privacy; and what with buckram breeches and starched ruffs, his clothes must have been even more irksome. But they were woven of brocaded velvet and studded with dia-

monds and opals. So also was his chair carved and gilded; and his draughty, crowded hall hung with many-coloured tapestry. He used his wealth to have everything about him more beautiful than would have been possible to a poorer man. In a more refined and restrained mode, the same thing was true of the rich man of the eighteenth century. While, in both periods, even the poor had everything as gay and gaudy as they could afford. During the nineteenth century, however, a violent revolution took place in this aspect of human nature. The love of the beautiful became discredited. There is a well-known story written early in the century by Maria Edgeworth which has always seemed to me extremely significant in this connection—the story of Rosamund and the purple jar. Rosamund, if you remember, was a child whose mother had promised to give her a present. The mother wanted it to take the form of a pair of shoes; Rosamund, however, passing a chemist's window on a walk, was filled with a passionate desire to possess a large, gleaming, purple jar which she saw there. Her mother let her have it, without telling her that the purple colour was supplied by a liquid inside the jar which would be taken out before it was sent home. Poor little Rosamund found herself burdened with an unwieldy, colourless glass vessel, and with no shoes good enough to wear at a party. The moral of this cruel anecdote was that the child's delight in the colour was frivolous and worthless and that it was good for her to learn this by painful experience. Now, from the point of view of anyone who values the beautiful, this is false. Rosamund's wish for the jar was a credit to her. She was prepared to go barefoot in order to have her senses and imagination delighted. This, however, was not the way Maria Edgeworth looked at it. Such delight was a thing to be discouraged.

Since then, things have gone from bad to worse. I do not mean that modern parents are likely to be as cruel and deceitful as Rosamund's mother; but they would, most of them, have equally little sympathy with Rosamund's choice. The love of the beautiful is no longer accepted as a respect-worthy strain in the human make-up. If it is not suspected, it is at any rate disregarded. Compare our clothes with those of our ancestors. Women's clothes stand the comparison well enough. Women are much more boldly and healthily instinctive than men. They still dress to decorate. But male dress for the last hundred years has been openly and flatly devoid of any such intention. It is almost ashamed not to be ugly. I notice now that children's clothes are going the same way, especially boys' clothes. Visit the National Gallery, compare the brilliant colours and clustering curls that ornament the boys painted by Reynolds or Gainsborough, with the cropped heads and drab shorts that disfigure their unfortunate descendants. The change no doubt will be defended on the ground that the children of today are happier, because they are more comfortable. I do not believe a word of it. If a boy is dressed in such a way as to take his fancy—as a cowboy or a naval officer—he does not mind how cumbrous his garments may be. I am sure the boys of the eighteenth century were delighted with their cocked hats and court suits and swords.

Porridge-coloured Paint in place of Pictures

Similarly with houses. The rich man of today will always spend money on plumbing and lighting and central heating and chairs sprung and stuffed to make them as easy to the body as possible. But, unless he is an exceptional person who goes in for the mysterious thing called good taste, he worries about the look of his home hardly at all. The same is true of poorer persons. Even when their rooms are not actively ugly, there is generally very little in them to strike the fancy. Instead of the pictures and gleaming ornaments and rose-patterned wallpapers of the past, you get large vacant expanses of porridge-coloured paint and no ornaments at all.

Even in spheres where the look of the thing might seem inevitably to count, the same spirit is at work. How often do we hear an actress criticised on the ground that she has nothing to offer us but her beauty! As we have paid a considerable amount of money to look at her for two or three hours, it might have been thought that her beauty was a great asset. In ancient Greece and Elizabethan England personal beauty

was thought a divine gift, that put its possessor on a par with the brilliant and the noble. Now no longer: only to be beautiful is to be thought of as a sort of flesh-and-blood version of Rosamund's purple jar; and most people take her mother's view of purple jars.

For not only is the pleasure of the eye neglected, it is thought to be rightly neglected. 'Pretty' is a word of contempt; 'aesthete' is a word of abuse. If you write a story about graceful people living in elegant surroundings, ten to one some serious critic will accuse you of being an escapist from reality—as if reality was rightly thought of as harsh and ugly. Even when a preoccupation with the beautiful is not actually disapproved of, it is looked on as childish. I read an article the other day written by some prophetically-minded scientist in which, after praising women for the way he thought they had advanced mentally during the last hundred years, he went on to foretell the happy day when—the last vestiges of their inferiority having disappeared—they would be as little interested in adorning themselves as men. In the same periodical was an essay by an educationalist who had been down to Eton and Winchester and deplored the dark and Gothic character of the schoolrooms in these venerable institutions. What a dreadful contrast they made, he said, to the concrete and plate glass of a really well-designed modern school! How would I explain to him, I asked myself, the delightful sense of romantic mystery that used to invade my imagination as I sat, with the pale light of a winter dawn gleaming through the mullioned windows on to the dusky oaken desks of Old Lower School at Eton! He valued the pleasure of the eye and the imagination so little that my feelings to him would have been merely the sign of a frivolous sentimentalism.

What is the Purpose of Efficiency?

Surely it is a sad change. What can be the cause of it? Puritanism has something to do with it, a suspicion of sensual pleasure as such. But it is not just Puritanism, for Puritanism should be even more opposed to a love of physical comfort; and few people disapprove of that. It is all right for a man to say he must have a comfortable chair, but it is frivolous and effeminate of him to say he must have a pretty chair. It is not explained why the pleasure of the eye must be judged a worse thing than the pleasure of the posterior. I expect it has something to do with another idol of the present age, and that is physical health. A comfortable chair is more restful, and therefore less strain on the constitution. Nobody thinks this an unworthy consideration. Health, apparently, is part of virtue; beauty is not. I suppose it can all be traced back to some ideal of useful action. If you are healthy you do your job better: and the world is run more effectively in consequence. But what is the purpose of all this hard-won efficiency if so much has to be sacrificed to it? It is surely dismal to look forward to a world made up entirely of very healthy persons doing their jobs extremely well, and none of them with any taste or imagination at all.

Of course, the artists ought to point this out: and some of them do so gallantly. But others, shivering under the cold wind of disapproval which blows on their activities, have, poor things, succumbed to the spirit of the age. They seek to justify their activities by the standards of their enemies. Once again I quote from an article, this time by a contemporary architect. He recommended that living rooms should always have plain walls and quiet colours on the ground that they were restful; and that it was essential for the ordinary citizen, tired by his daily work, to have a restful room in which to recoup himself for the strenuous efforts of the following day. Surely this shows an unnecessarily gloomy view of the human condition! Is the average citizen really so tired that his home needs to be designed as a sort of rest home? Anyway, must decoration be ruled by these workaday considerations? May not a man want his room to please his senses and stir his fancy, and is not that wish just as worthy as a desire for a rest? Another group of modern artists have tried to come to terms with the new age by maintaining that practical use and beauty are the same thing; they hold that a thing is beautiful in so far, and only in so far, as it fulfils a useful function. If this were so, a bath tap would be as beautiful as a rose. It fulfils its function admirably. But bath taps are not as beautiful as roses. A lover does not offer the lady of his heart a bouquet of bath taps. Useful things can be beautiful, but generally because the people who made them tried also deliberately to make them beautiful. A gothic cathedral was useful as a place in which to hold a religious service. It was beautiful because it also employed every device of carved capital and jewelled window to please the eye and awake the visionary dreams of the worshipper.

I must not go on too long. But the point I want to make is

that though a lot of modern artists are very gifted, you cannot expect them to flourish to the full in an atmosphere like the present. For art is part of life. And if life is unaesthetic, the people who live it will be unaesthetic too. If people's clothes and houses and children and ideals are plain and practical and dreadfully ugly, they will not easily respond to work whose whole aim is to be the reverse of these things. Big things grow out of small. A love of the beautiful begins as a pleasure in the pretty.

Clearly, people ought to be more childish and more showy, more pleasure-loving, and more day-dreamy. How this is to be achieved, alas, I do not know. I do not believe lecturing can be the best way to do it. Lectures and lessons and conducted tours round exhibitions and all the rest of the paraphernalia of a culture campaign tend to make people approach the task of appreciation from the wrong angle. Listening to lectures is a very grown-up occupation. Besides, it makes enjoying art a strenuous, conscientious, intellectual thing, nothing to do with day-dreams and sensuous pleasure. For similar reasons I do not think much good is done by recommending pictures and books on the ground that they throw light on what are called 'important human problems'. There is a fashion for this among critics. They urge people to visit cathedrals, in order to understand the religious feelings of people living in the Middle Ages, or to read modern poetry because it describes what people feel like in an atomic age. This last is not likely to be much inducement. People nowadays know all too well what it feels like to live in an atomic age. And anyway, as I said, poetry should be a pleasure. The atomic age is not. No, anything that ought to be done, I am sure, should be on brighter, lighter, humbler lines. If I were a dictator, I should do everything I could to encourage people's enjoyment of the pretty and the splendid and the ceremonious: I should order pageants and rituals and glittering uniforms. I should tell teachers to let children be as gaudy and fantastic as they felt inclined. I should offer them prizes for looks and clothes, the flashier the better. I should command their parents to let them paint the house red—and the town, too, if they wanted to. I should see that every Rosamund got her purple jar.

And I should not mind if it was a crude, vulgar purple. I expect the colour that Rosamund admired was. But she liked it and that was the important thing. Surely too much fuss is made about good taste, when what is lacking is any strong taste at all, any full-blooded gusto. People must first learn to respond fully and uninhibitedly to their sense of delight. When they have done that, they may take the next step and discover how to refine and discriminate. If they begin worrying as to whether or not what they are enjoying is really good, they will become so frightened of the whole subject and so self-conscious about their reactions that they will not enjoy anything at all. Anyway, even if their taste never grows refined, it is not all that important. Good art and good taste do not always go together. By strict and genteel standards, the Elizabethans had shocking taste. They got themselves up to look like wedding cakes: their clothes and their houses and their furniture were often as crude and showy as a roundabout at a fair. But they enjoyed them as much as children enjoy a roundabout; with the result that they created round them a mental atmosphere rich and coloured and zestful enough to produce Shakespeare. Now what was good enough for Shakespeare should be good enough for us.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

The Corresponding Fires

Each airy candle, hooded in its crown
Of lighted snow, or cowed in fluted wax,
Obeys a flame lit far beyond its own.

The earth's hot centre burns and trims those wicks
With black and red, whose whitest heat is blown
By bellows of a wide and wilder wreath.
Both sun and moon within those forges blaze
That house the mystic and inhale the moth,
Infernos that consume and measure days
With night's time-falling stars, and slowly raise
Life's dwindling colonnades with clearer death.

Love burns and shines round that forsaken face,
While on the shrouded body dies a wreath
Of dark, urned in a vast and lighted place.

JAMES KIRKUP

The 'Lansbury Neighbourhood'

By W. G. HOLFORD

TOWN planners have a good deal in common with novelists. Their designs are drawn in front of a vast background, and both deal ultimately with the lives of the individual and of society. The novelist, especially, can hover, hawk-like, over a great stretch of territory, until the mind of his reader is permeated by the characteristic of the region in which his story is set. He can then swoop down upon his human prey, who thus becomes the type and symbol of all the events and emotions that he is out to describe. This Olympian power is also given in some measure to the designer of towns. But it is seldom that he is able to concentrate it to such a point that the man-in-the-street becomes aware of what he is about. No one who has read the opening chapter of Charles Dickens' *Bleak House* could forget the way in which the atmosphere of the Court of Chancery is distilled, as it were, out of the atmosphere of London. You may remember this from the opening chapter:

... Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards, and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats...

... The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddiest, near that leaden-headed old obstruction... Temple Bar. And hard by Temple Bar, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery...

Thus Dickens, almost exactly a hundred years ago, created out of the fog of a London November the symbol of his story.

Nearly fifty years later Arthur Morrison, journalist and editor, wrote his famous novel of East London, *A Child of the Jago*; and once again his opening paragraphs create an atmosphere:

... From where, off Shoreditch High Street, a narrow passage, set across with posts, gave menacing entrance on one end of Old Jago Street, to where the other end lost itself in the black beyond Jago Row—there the Jago, for one hundred years the blackest pit in London, lay and festered. ... A square of two hundred and fifty yards or less—that was all there was of the Jago. But in that square the human population swarmed in thousands. ... What was too vile for Kate Street, Seven Dials, and Ratcliff Highway in its worst day, what was too useless, incapable and corrupt—all that teemed in the Old Jago.

The scene of Arthur Morrison's novel—that ten acres or so of slum housing just north of Bishopsgate Goods Depot—was soon after cleared and replaced by a most respectable group of tenements. Jago Court is Arnold Circus; and there

is a school where little Dicky Perrott, the child of the Jago, learnt how to pick pockets; and in the County of London Plan the whole area was again proposed for redevelopment, as part of Neighbourhood Unit No. 4 of Bethnal Green.

Old patterns of life change with old patterns of building, and once more the reformers are on the move. This time there has been war-damage to add to the gradual destruction of the years and to the exploitation of man by man. Rebuilding in the East End of London has now become very largely the initiative of public authorities. And so we find the Leader of the London County Council, writing in 1943 in the foreword to the County Plan, saying this:

... We can have the London we want; the London that people will come from the four corners of the world to see; if only we determine that we will have it; and that no weakness or indifference shall prevent it.

But what do we want? And who are we—the Planners or the Planned? The authors of the County of London Plan set out, in terms of topography and architecture, their conception of what London needed. Like Dickens and Arthur Morrison they painted a general picture of the drabness and dreariness that had succeeded the more picturesque violence and squalor of the East End; but they did not stop to intensify the picture itself, nor to point its moral in terms that would move the common man to tears or anger. Theirs was the more pressing task of planning the strategy of a campaign for physical reconstruction.



Models of the Lansbury neighbourhood being constructed at Poplar by the L.C.C.: above, detail of market square and shopping centre; below, a general view of the central area



From the whole panorama of London they selected certain sample areas for which they presented actual schemes of replanning. In the East End, and north of the river, these areas included not only Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, but Stepney and Poplar and Bow—three communities forming a triangle of nearly 2,000 acres between the Whitechapel-Mile End Road and the river. And as this Stepney-Poplar area had suffered most from bomb damage, and had lost more than two-thirds of its population during the war, it was the first to be re-designed in detail by the London County Council; in fact they established their right, very soon after the end of the war, to acquire the major part of it for this purpose.

'Live Architecture' Exhibition

But in this case, by the advent of the Festival of Britain, one step in the slow scattered operation of reconstructing the East End of London has been separated from the rest—it has been picked out, just as it might be in a novel, for us and our visitors to see. One of the three 'neighbourhoods' planned in Poplar—some 124 acres out of the whole 2,000—was chosen by the Festival authorities to demonstrate, by its own construction, the post-war building achievements of the country as a whole. It has been given personality as a character in the story by being named after George Lansbury. And as visitors to the Festival could not wander at large over the whole neighbourhood, the most accessible and the most active section of it—some thirty acres lying along the East India Dock Road between Stainsby Road and Chrisp Street—was chosen as the actual exhibition area of 'Live Architecture'.

I am not concerned with the purely exhibition features of Lansbury; and to tell the truth it is a little early to speak of them, because, like all exhibitions, the stage is not properly set until almost the last minute. But behind and around them the permanent buildings of a new generation of East Londoners are rising. Some of the existing buildings are middle-aged, and with a wash and brush-up will serve a good while yet; others are derelict or obsolete. The majority are new buildings; a few completed and occupied already, some to be completed soon, and some to be in course of construction during the Festival period. There are schools of several kinds, a church and hall, a shopping centre and market place, and dwellings of many types, from six-storey blocks of flats to a home for old people.

The variety is stimulating, provocative and, some people will probably feel, disturbing. It is a complete swing away from the monotonous terraces of fifty years ago; and the contrast is pointed by the fact that some of the old terraces are still there. As many architectural ideas are packed into this quadrilateral as were packed into Port Sunlight when Mr. Lever built a garden village next to his soap works at the turn of the century. The difference is that Port Sunlight was new development while Lansbury is re-development. Port Sunlight had no past, while Poplar's is long and—to say the least—eventful. What Lord Leverhulme succeeded in building was a well-organised housing estate for his workers and nothing more, even though in the fashion of the times there were an art gallery and a church as well as the factory.

How much more than a housing estate is Lansbury going to be? The rural villages and hamlets that were swamped in the flood of London's growth, that subsequently flourished and then decayed, were re-formed and then abandoned to their fate, and eventually were patched up under the Housing Acts only to be torn by bombs and weather from 1940 onwards; can these same organisms develop now into urban villages, each with its local pride and its recognised limits, and socially, if not economically, self-contained? And over what extent of territory is neighbourly allegiance spread? These are some of the questions that Lansbury even now suggests to the visitor's mind. There has been a good deal of argument about the theory of the neighbourhood unit. Those who have been confronted with the physical problem of reconstruction on a large scale have naturally tried to create or rediscover an organic pattern in what so often appears as an inchoate mass of haphazard building. The builders themselves require a programme; and nowadays the apparent permanence of the housing shortage, the policy of equal distribution, the necessity to establish cases for priorities and licences, all favour the division of this programme into tidy parcels.

Then come the administrators, especially those concerned with education and health services, and they suggest the number of families required to support a school or a clinic or a community centre. And so the plans begin to be shaped to standards which provide at least a semblance of social and statistical reason, and which establish the order,

or *module*, of the new development. It is at this stage that confusion appears. What was being used as a measured rod for planning purposes is soon taken to be a fixed social objective. The 'neighbourhood unit', like the 'ring road', is regarded as solving a problem instead of setting it. And sociologists have no difficulty in proving there are other social and economic needs, more general and more important than the school or the walk to the shopping centre, which cannot be met in a neighbourhood of only 10,000 people.

Social affiliations in East London may in fact be very different from those suggested by this unit of 10,000. They may be within a much smaller compass wherever sectors, or confluences of streets, or patches of new or old development are distinctive enough to form minor groupings. And they will, on occasion, be larger wherever the wider loyalties of Stepney, or Poplar, are concerned. Walking just east of the City the other day, I asked a Stepney resident the whereabouts of a particular block of flats. He had not heard of it, but he told me at once that it could not be in Stepney. He added, with distaste, that it might be 'somewhere over there, in Bethnal Green'. Afterwards I found the block of flats, not a stone's throw away. And the boundary between Bethnal Green and Stepney runs within a few yards of where we stood.

Some roads seem to unite a neighbourhood; others divide. In Stepney and Poplar the east-west roads—Whitechapel and Mile End Road, Commercial Road, and the East India Dock Road—unite the major communities, but tend to cut up the minor groupings. These roads are channels of shopping and public buildings; they are also arteries leading to the heart of London, and direct feeders for the factories and docks. The planned neighbourhood units naturally respect them as boundaries, in the hope that they will serve more and more as traffic routes, and less and less as social centres. This seems to be a case of assisting the tide to turn; but it is the only reasonable policy for the town planners to adopt. At Lansbury, for example, the number of side streets off the East India Dock Road is being greatly reduced in number; and the shopping centre, at Chrisp Street, is off the main traffic route.

It remains to be seen whether the smaller groupings in Stepney and Poplar will in turn build up into units of the social dimensions that have been planned for them. This seems far less likely; and the thirty acres of Lansbury now under construction are not normal enough to be a fair sample. For Lansbury as a whole the scale of the minor groups—though not, of course, of the buildings themselves—may have to be slightly enlarged. There may have to be four terraces of a particular type in place of two; or a hundred flats in three-floored blocks of the same design, instead of fifty. But even if this happens, the 'unit' of 10,000 people may not be achieved. There are several influences that will tend to keep the social pattern of Stepney-Poplar intricate and various; the sporadic nature of the war-damage, for example, which tends to keep the building areas small; the astonishing variety of housing development already referred to; and the uneconomic results of obeying the national commandment on building expenditure which says, 'Do not commit yourself to any large sum today because you may not have it tomorrow'.

'Social Sanction' of the Neighbourhood Unit

There may well be only two scales of allegiance; to the 'quarter' or group of streets on the one hand, and to the whole Borough or East End on the other. Beyond that will continue to loom a vast inhuman shape, perceived only by town-planners, administrators and the Metropolitan Police, and known as Greater London. This may be the picture, and it may not. Meanwhile it seems to me that nothing would be gained socially by abandoning the neighbourhood principle at this stage, while much would be lost in the fields of planning, building and local services. You have only to walk round the 'Live Architecture' exhibition ground to see how 'live' it is. I think much would be missing from Lansbury without the general background of the Abercrombie Plan, the operative powers of the London County Council under the Planning Acts, and the opportunity which the Festival has opened up.

Without these things I doubt whether there would have been such marked co-ordination of planning and design. I doubt whether progressive architects, landscape architects and engineers would have been brought into the programme in strength, and whether great variety of building type could have been combined with unity of lay-out, of materials and of architectural character—and all of this now seems to be emerging. So I hang on to my doubts about that eventual social entity, the 'neighbourhood unit'. But I would not for anything abandon its physical basis, nor the idea behind it. For it is an idea that is taking the place of the old autocratic edicts for town building of the estate

management policies of the great landlords, of the indifferent and the enlightened paternalism of industrialists. It is an idea that can give meaning to patronage of the arts in this century, and enlist many a creative faculty in the interests of designing a better environment. Without it architecture might go out of scale altogether, or lose itself in the by-ways of style and decoration.

And if the festival spotlight reveals anything behind the temporary displays, it will reveal this fact: that what skill we have in construction is not primarily a matter of technique or materials or organisation or salesmanship. It consists, above all, in finding new ways in which

our old pleasures in practical adaptations and informal designs, can be given a sort of social sanction, and thus fitted into the long tradition of our building craft.

The black spots of London that Dickens exposed a hundred years ago were real enough; but his characters were fictional. Through his skill as a novelist they quickly became familiar and even dear to us. Lansbury is an *exposé* of the opposite sort, a bright spot in a drab landscape; and the characters are real. What its effect will be on them, and theirs on the neighbourhood as a whole, no one can say. The town-planner has to wait for his answer.—*Third Programme*

The Surrender of Napoleon

By CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

ONE of the most popular pictures of the last century was Orchardson's portrait of Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*. And so, of course, a good many rude remarks have been made about it since. I think it is a better picture than one would suppose from the scrubby reproductions familiar from generations of history books. At least I hope those who saw it at the Chantrey Bequest Exhibition will agree. However, I am concerned with the historical rather than the aesthetic significance of Orchardson's picture, because it expresses admirably the romantic sentiments on which the legend of Bonapartism was based—the fallen titan gazing his last on the retreating shores of his lost dominions.

Behind Napoleon's back are grouped those who accompanied him to St. Helena. Outstanding among them is the sycophantic figure of Count Las Cases, 'a little old quiz, nervous and fidgety', as an English officer describes him. He was the real creator of the legend. His *Memorial of St. Helena* was something more than a personal glorification of the Emperor: it reflects Napoleon's own justification of himself for the benefit of future generations. His idealised picture of the Empire shone brighter when it was contrasted with the idiocies of the Restoration and the gross materialism of the July Monarchy. Possibly Frenchmen were not really convinced by the tale of the exile's sufferings so vividly dramatised by the memorialists of St. Helena. But this theme of martyrdom was developed by later romantic writers such as de Musset and even Balzac, so that the myth soon replaced the man. Readers of *Le Rouge et le Noir* will remember how Stendhal's hero regarded Las Cases' book as 'the guide of his life, the object of ecstatic admiration'.

Others standing beside Las Cases in that group on the quarter-deck also helped to lay the foundations of the Second Empire—the tall figure of Count Mentholon, the loyal servant of the Empire who shared six years' exile with the first Napoleon and six years' imprisonment with the second. Even more unreliable than his wilfully inaccurate memoirs is Barry O'Meara's *Voice from St. Helena*. At that time O'Meara was an officer on board the *Bellerophon*. He was a careerist. He knew that with the coming of peace he would sink into the obscure life of an officer on half pay, so he jumped at the opportunity of accompanying Napoleon as his surgeon. Later on he played the sordid role of spy for both sides,

but his offer to go to St. Helena was accepted in the first place simply because he spoke Italian. There was no nefarious plot on the part of the British Government, as some historians have suggested. Of all these memorialists the best is General Gourgaud; but his memoirs played no part in the creation of the Napoleonic legend, because they were not printed until the very end of the century.

I fancy it still remains true that more books have been written about Napoleon than about any other single person in history. His fascination persists, and the consequence is (as Professor Geyl has recently shown) that we have in Napoleonic historiography a perfect example of the way in which history is re-written to suit the needs of the age. As the political climate in France changes, so does the picture of the First Empire. Facts become overlaid with commentary, as the writer finds himself committed to Bonapartism or the reverse. Hence all the polemics against the British Government for its treatment of the Emperor—Frederick Masson's, for instance, which has only just been translated into English.

Today history is being re-written on such a mendacious scale that the efforts of the most frantic Bonapartists pale before the inventions of contemporary Russian writers. And here, surely, is one reason for the modern historian's insistence on documents rather than memoirs, which in their very nature are suspect evidence. As regards the actual surrender of Napoleon, the most reliable account has always been that of Maitland, the captain of the *Bellerophon*, who wrote to clear himself of the aspersions cast on his conduct by Las Cases and others. Captain Maitland wisely printed whatever documents he could, in addition to recording his vivid personal impressions. The result is as precise and honest an account as anybody could wish.

But Maitland was only a comparatively junior officer, who had the luck to snatch the great prize of the Emperor's person as Napoleon rowed away from the French frigate lying off Rochefort, in which he had hoped to sail for America. A collection of papers which has just come to light confirms Maitland's account in every detail, besides widening the perspective and elucidating the motives of an event which is, I suppose, one of the decisive moments of history. These are the papers of Admiral Lord Keith, Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth, through whose hands passed all the correspondence dealing with the episodes. Most of these papers have not yet been printed. I do not want to suggest that they alter the



'Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*', by Orchardson

oudines of so well documented an event, but they do supplement the traditional account in many important particulars. They show exactly how Napoleon was intercepted, how he was treated on his arrival in England, and why he was sent to St. Helena. These matters of high policy were carried out by Keith at the instigation of Melville, the First Lord of the Admiralty, whose private correspondence forms the most interesting part of this collection which is now in the National Maritime Museum. Keith was the hinge upon which all turned. He is not a famous admiral, because he never fought a set battle, but his long and distinguished career in the Navy fitted him admirably for a difficult task like this. He was now over seventy—Napoleon was only forty-six—and even so hostile a witness as Las Cases calls him 'a fine-looking old man, with highly polished manners'. He it was who decided that the creators of the Napoleonic legend should accompany their master. If it had not been for him, neither Las Cases, nor Gourgaud, nor O'Meara, would ever have seen St. Helena.

An Embarrassing Problem

After Waterloo the victors were faced with the problem of what to do with their fallen rival—a particularly embarrassing problem when, even in defeat, his stature was so much greater than their own. Fortunately it was found possible to narrow the problem down into a purely naval operation. First of all the Navy had to intercept the fugitive Emperor, who was reported to be making for the United States. A study of the disposition of Keith's ships makes it pretty clear that Napoleon could never have run the blockade successfully. After he was caught, of course, he maintained the contrary, and even accused the captain of the French frigate of cowardice for refusing to try. But, apart from the inshore squadron to which the *Bellerophon* belonged, there were thirty cruisers stretched in a double line across the Bay of Biscay, with orders to search every vessel that passed. Joseph wanted his brother to go on board a ship put at his disposal by the American consul at Bordeaux, and he himself reached New York by this means under an assumed name. But that was ten days after the Emperor had surrendered, and the blockade had been relaxed. I think he would have been caught even if he had adopted the most fantastic of the many suggestions made about his escape during those last anxious days of waiting—the suggestion that he should go on board a vessel loaded with barrels of brandy, one of which was to be pierced with holes so that the Emperor could hide if the ship was searched.

The wrangle between French and English historians has always turned on the question of Napoleon's status after he came on board the *Bellerophon*. Was he a prisoner or was he a passenger? It was not just an academic question to be settled by lawyers, because it had enormous historical consequences. Upon it was created the myth of martyrdom which is evoked, for example, in Victor Hugo's poetry. Napoleon's case rests upon his well-known letter to the Prince Regent—'I come, like Themistocles, to place myself at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim of your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies'. That was a masterpiece, because it was guaranteed to embarrass the British Government then and for ever afterwards. But the fact is that he really had no alternative. The Prussians would have taken him. His father-in-law wanted to have him imprisoned. The French Royalists had already ordered that he should be handed over to the nearest British ship. And when Keith suggested Russia as an alternative to St. Helena, Napoleon's reply was '*La Russie! Dieu m'en garde!*'

Yet it is only a year later—so quickly did the legend grow—that we can hear Napoleon telling Barry O'Meara: 'What a fool I was to give myself up to you! I had a mistaken notion of your national character. I had formed a romantic idea of the English. There also entered into it an element of pride: I disdained to give myself up to any of the sovereigns whose countries I had conquered. I determined to confide in you, whom I had never vanquished. Doctor, I am well punished for the good opinion I had of you. My father-in-law, or the Emperor Alexander, would have treated me like a king'. And then he added, looking out over the rain-sodden landscape of St. Helena, 'I should have had palaces at my command'. It was then that he quoted with approval General Paoli's cynical remark about the English which had subsequently been fathered upon him: 'They are a nation of shopkeepers—*sono mercanti*'.

The original of Napoleon's letter to the Regent is in the Royal Library at Windsor. The date on it is the day before that given in Napoleon's printed correspondence, which shows that he was going to

hand himself over, whatever the outcome of his parleys with the captain of the *Bellerophon*. The Keith papers leave no doubt that Captain Maitland offered him nothing more than a passage to England. What more could a junior officer have done? Napoleon later admitted as much, but not before he had assumed the mantle of martyrdom by pretending that he had been trapped on board with false promises. Keith was the patient recipient of his interminable grievances. But the Emperor's angry protests, like his bulletins, were really for public consumption only. No stigma of treachery can fairly be attributed to the British; equally, there is no sign of generosity.

Napoleon woke up to the fact that his ludicrous scheme of retiring to live the life of an English country gentleman had gone awry when Keith interviewed him in Plymouth Sound and told him that his destination was to be St. Helena. The First Lord of the Admiralty pre-warned Keith. He told him that the Government had decided on a place which would admit of the exile being treated with as much indulgence as was compatible with adequate security. After the escape from Elba, security was obviously the paramount object; but consideration of humanity came next, and a better choice than St. Helena could not have been made. Although rumours of his destination had already reached Napoleon, when Keith finally confirmed his fears he was startled and horrified. Every argument a Corsican lawyer was capable of was brought into play. 'I am come here voluntarily', he stormed at the Admiral, 'and I claim the rights of hospitality. I am not even a prisoner of war. I demand to be received as an English citizen. As for St. Helena, it is a sentence of death. What am I to do on this little rock at the end of the world?' Keith took refuge behind the letter of his instructions. Whatever his personal views, he was bound to adopt the Government's silly insistence that Napoleon should be 'un-emperored' by being addressed as General Buonaparte—an ungenerous affront out of which Napoleon made plenty of capital. Above all, he had to see that there was no communication with the shore, in case English sympathisers should find some legal loophole in the status of this tremendous stranger. For this reason, he refused to allow the letter to the Prince Regent to be delivered by hand, as Napoleon had intended. Keith prophesied the worst if the Napoleonic charm was exercised on that impressionable person. 'Damn the fellow!' he exclaimed, 'if he obtained an interview with his Royal Highness in half an hour they would be the best friends in Europe'.

Eager Sightseers

It was to escape the possibility of any such complication that Keith was told to take the *Bellerophon* out of Plymouth Sound, which was now crowded with sightseers eager to catch a glimpse of the legendary monster 'Bony'. A farcical incident, the details of which have hitherto been obscure, nearly precipitated exactly what the Government most feared. As the Admiral left his house to row across to the ship, a person called Alexander Mackenrot appeared on his doorstep with a writ from the Court of the King's Bench. It has always been assumed that this was a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. Actually it was a summons for Napoleon to appear as the chief witness in Mackenrot's defence in a libel action brought against him by Admiral Cochrane. When Keith's secretary saw the *subpoena* he sent a warning to the Admiral, who climbed down one side of the ship just as Mackenrot came up the other, waving the writ in his hand. From ship to ship the crazy lawyer chased the Commander-in-Chief, until he lost the scent and retired to the King's Arms Tavern to write letters threatening the Admiral with proceedings for contempt of court, and offering Napoleon his services on the Stock Exchange. As he was a bankrupt, and as his letters were never delivered, he did not do anybody any harm.

Two days later Keith's squadron fell in with the *Northumberland*, the ship that was to take Napoleon and his suite to St. Helena. In a letter to his wife (who was formerly Dr. Johnson's Queenie Thrale) Keith describes his last interview with the Emperor when transferring him from the *Bellerophon* off Berry Head. In it we can hear the authentic note of Napoleon's conversation.

He said he would not quit England alive. I laughed. He said 'Would you go to St. Helena, Admiral? Oh no! *Plutôt la mort!* I will not leave this ship. You must take me by force'.

'Surely you would not reduce an officer like me to a measure so disagreeable?'

'Oh no! But you shall order me'.

'Sir, my barge is ready for your reception. It depends on you, and I order you to go'.

'*Allons*', concluded Napoleon. Then, seeing that the old Admiral

was following him down the gangway, 'What, do you take the trouble to come too? Sit by me and we will talk'.

They chatted about old days when their paths had crossed at Toulon and in Egypt, and the Emperor joked with the ladies of his suite about being seasick.

Keith showed the Emperor to his cabin, which he liked because he could put into it the little green bed that he used on campaigns. Then, with a low bow, the Admiral took his leave. The *Northumberland* parted company with the *Bellerophon* off Start Point as darkness fell on the evening of August 7, 1815. Keith returned to Plymouth,

and Napoleon began the long voyage to that barren rock in the South Atlantic from which he well knew there was no return. But for those whom Keith allowed at the last moment to accompany the Emperor into exile—Las Cases, O'Meara, Montholon, and Gourgaud—it was not the end: it was the beginning of a new chapter which was going to alter the course of history. Was Napoleon, as they pretended, the martyr of the French people? Or was he, as Maitland and Keith saw him, the victim of the fortunes of war and of his own insatiable ambition? That is the theme of the argument which has continued ever since.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

Illiteracy among the Young

By W. D. WALL

A FEW months back, a young man came to see me. He was a maker of jewellery, good at his job, so good in fact that his firm had promoted him to a foreman's post. But Jim's reading was so bad that he had to pore over the simplest written instructions for a long time and even then he sometimes did not gather enough to make sense. He grew anxious in his job—unwilling to show his employers or those who were under him that he could not read. The strain of this, coupled with other things, caused him to have a psychological breakdown. Jim felt himself to be a failure in every direction. He has since learned to read and the new mastery has helped him greatly over his other troubles. The fact remains that he need not have been in this plight. He was an ordinary chap who could have done respectably at school; and yet he didn't, and his failure in school dogged him into manhood.

During and since the war I have met a good many men like Jim. Always they come or have been sent because their reading is so poor as to be useless to them; but only too often, behind the obvious difficulty, lies a sense of failure, of not being up to much. With some it goes so deep as to cause actual breakdown, with others it shows as a general lack of confidence. Obviously this is a human problem for the men and women concerned but it is also a social problem. Modern societies are large, complex and closely knit. They are very dependent upon printed announcements, written instructions and the like. Even the cinema and the wireless have not substantially altered that; and it is probably true to say that, if we have to acquire systematic and unbiased information on any topic, reading is the only means to it. Thus the adult who cannot read or write is a social liability, partially at least cut off from the bulk of his kind.

The pamphlet, published for the Ministry of Education and called *Reading Ability**, is the most recent example of the interest of psychologists and educators in this problem. Among other things it contains an account of an enquiry made in 1948 among eleven-year-old school-children, fifteen-year-old school-leavers, and national service men of eighteen or thereabouts. Reading was chosen as the most important basic skill without which such things as spelling and writing either are not much good or will not be properly learnt. In the present enquiry, a schoolchild was said to be backward if his achievement was more than 20 per cent. below that of the average child of his own age. An adult who left school at fifteen would be considered to be backward if his reading ability was no better than that of the average twelve-year-old schoolchild.

Illiteracy and semi-literacy are rather different. They are not comparative at all. Literacy of course includes other things than reading but most of us would agree that an almost total inability to read and understand a very simple sentence would be strong evidence of illiteracy. In this investigation anyone whose reading level was below that of the average child of seven was considered to be illiterate. Semi-literacy is defined as a reading level below that of the average nine-year-old child. These borderlines do not mean much until they are translated into everyday uses of reading. Roughly, an illiterate would find difficulty with unfamiliar single words. He could probably understand most of the road signs; but he would not understand newspaper headlines. The semi-literate man or woman is not much better off. Most of the daily newspaper he would find exceedingly difficult. A backward adult could read one of the simpler newspapers fairly easily, especially where it is illustrated and deals with a topic of marked

interest. He would not make much of the general articles in magazines at the *Radio Times* level.

Perhaps this situation would not be quite so serious if it were not also true that backward adults do not get much out of that other great source of information—the broadcast talk. A recent research initiated by the B.B.C. shows that the less well-educated half of a sample of listeners really gets very little in the way of clear ideas even from simple talks. It looks as if general educational level is a measure of the way in which a man is likely to be able to use any of the major media of information—newspapers, radio, and possibly films—which we all take for granted.

In this wide context, the results of the reading enquiry are disturbing. It seems that among eighteen-year-old men, 1 per cent. are illiterate, a further 2.6 per cent. semi-literate and 13.5 per cent. backward. If we take these figures together, 17 per cent.—about one man in every six—are backward or worse—that is, they would find it difficult or impossible to read the better magazines. This figure is conservative; most other investigators have put it higher.

At first sight it looks as if this situation might be the result of war-time schooling. These eighteen-year-olds left school in 1944 and had therefore had at least four or five years of war-time education. But the critical period of learning to read is the first four or five years in school. These young men began school in 1935 and so they had four years at least of undisturbed teaching before war came. It is in the fifteen-year-old group who began school in 1938 that the full impact of war-time disturbance would be expected. And so indeed we find it. Thirty per cent. of these boys and girls, three out of ten, or nearly twice as many as in the eighteen-year-old group, left school backward or worse. A younger group of children, who began school in 1942, and who in 1948 were eleven years old, were also tested. These had three years of very disturbed schooling during the war, followed by three post-war years when, although conditions were difficult, they were on the mend. Of these children, 21.5 per cent.—slightly more than one in five—are backward or worse. The figure is serious enough, but considerably less than the 30 per cent. found for fifteen-year-olds.

What seems to me to be likely is that we have not yet reached the high-tide mark of illiteracy, semi-literacy and backwardness among young adults. The full effect of the backwardness among the eleven-year-old and fifteen-year-old groups tested in 1948 will not be seen until those children have been three or four years out of school.

These are grim facts but before we can do anything about prevention or remedy we must understand something of the causes. Ability to learn depends very largely upon intelligence: and children and adults differ widely in this respect. We should expect rather less than one person in ten to be backward on grounds of limited intelligence alone. This is the hard and on the whole unalterable core of the dull who need specially adapted teaching methods if they are to get any benefit from education. Most of the children who are backward in our schools now are not backward because of lack of ability. They are failing to use their native intelligence to the full. The free use of intelligence depends upon a quiet and happy mind. Children whose home life is disturbed by family quarrels and difficulties, or who are anxious, do not make progress. Their energies are diverted and sapped. In a number of ways, war time destroyed their normal framework. The discontinuity which affected education was an important additional factor—even school became uncertain.

Things are getting better now. Many of the disrupted families have come together again; fathers have returned from the forces and mothers are less worried. But many children still have to be brought up in other people's homes; many families are living in rooms; many mothers are still out at work and the atmosphere of uncertainty and anxiety has by no means entirely passed away. Thus we still have many insecure children, many boys and girls whose world is not the safe, friendly place it should be. It is among these that we find the backward and retarded. The conditions in the schools of course play a part. However devoted the teacher, he can do little to provide individual help for failing children when he has forty or fifty in an overcrowded classroom. It is, however, rare to find a case of backwardness where the large class is the sole cause; rarer still to find one that can be attributed to poor teaching methods. It is in fact rarely possible to point to one reason why a child is failing to learn. It is always due to a combination of unfortunate circumstances, some of them immediate, some of them effects of past difficulties, some of them lying in the home, some of them in the school. In some ways, educational failure would not be so serious if it were that and nothing else; but cases could be multiplied where the attitude of despair and defeat produced by an inability to meet the demands of the school becomes a steadily greater and greater distortion of the personality. Sometimes the child's reaction is to seek satisfaction elsewhere, to escape from an intolerable failure by finding something exciting to do. It is not without significance that the educational standards of delinquents and criminals are strikingly low.

The prevention and remedy of backwardness is not merely a matter for the schools—in fact it is as much if not more an affair for the home. The child who is talked to and read to, whose mind is stimulated by having his questions answered and who is allowed to explore his environment, profits in many ways; he enlarges his stock of ideas. He develops the attitude that learning itself is pleasant; and he picks up a vocabulary of spoken words on which the teacher can build his first reading vocabulary. So too in less direct and more subtle ways the home, indeed the whole social environment, contributes to a child's success or failure. Homes divided against themselves, fathers who expect more from their children than they can give, over-ambitious parents who drive their children forward or attempt to play the amateur teacher, anxious parents who reflect their own worries on their children, fathers who spoil and mothers who scold, and aunts or grandmothers who interfere with family discipline—all these circumstances are found in the background of failing children with monotonous regularity. Anything which makes a child feel unsafe diverts his energy from learning. Anything which makes him feel that he is a success contributes to build

up his confidence and so allows him to tackle the challenge of education with a free mind.

Thus, as the home life of the nation returns to normality and stability after the war and immediate post-war years, we shall expect to find some improvement. But the matter cannot be left there and those of us who are engaged in education cannot escape responsibility, either for prevention or for remedy. The schools are returning to normal staffing and continuity of work. We may hope that the size of classes will fall to the point where the teacher can really give some individual attention to those of his pupils who need it most. Much needless difficulty too is still caused by attempting to teach children to read too soon. Before reading can be successfully attempted, a pupil must not merely have reached a level of mental maturity equivalent to that of the average child of six or six and a half, but he must also have developed a good command of the spoken language. Both in intelligence and experience with words children differ widely; some are ready to learn to read before they even go to school at five; others not until the early years of the junior school. This effect of the difference between children is one not as yet fully recognised in practice, and even where schools do take full account of it, they are only too often pressed by anxious parents who fail to realise that 'hasten slowly' is a motto of great significance for education.

Whatever the methods in general use by the school, however, failures will still occur. Here the small 'opportunity' class, as it is called, is invaluable. Certain of the more progressive local education authorities have made it possible for their schools to have an extra teacher whose job it is to take a small group of children—not more than ten or fifteen at a time—and give them special help over their difficulties. Attention too should be drawn to what might be called the last line of defence. I mean the great educational effort made in the forces. The Army runs a number of special centres to which men of very low educational standards are sent for a period of six weeks. This is not very long in which to remedy defects of education, but by specially adapted methods and great skill on the part of the instructors, striking success is being achieved. Many a man who enters the Army unable to read is discharged well on his way to literacy.

Finally perhaps I might mention what is being done in Birmingham. Here the University Institute of Education has set up a remedial education centre which is devoted to a special study of children who, although average or above average in intelligence, are failing in school. In this way we hope, by careful study of the difficult cases, and by close co-operation with parents and teachers, to show how a major social and personal problem may be tackled.—*Home Service*

Contemporary Movements in Theology

Where the Church of England Stands

By CANON J. O. COBHAM

THE Church of England means the Church of the Book of Common Prayer; and of the Book of Common Prayer F. D. Maurice once wrote:

I do not want to force anyone to like it; nor do I care a sixpence for it as a piece of fine composition. I have never called it 'an excellent liturgy' in my life, and I hope I never shall. But it has helped me to see more of the love of God and of the bonds by which men are knit to each other, and to feel more hope as to those whom I should naturally regard as foes, than any other book except the Bible. It is my protection and the protection of the Church against Anglicanism and Evangelicalism and Liberalism and Romanism and Rationalism, and till these different evils cease to torment us, I will, with God's help, use this shield against them.

What the Book of Common Prayer did for F. D. Maurice it has done for the Church of England as a whole during the last thirty years. It has been a great stabilising influence against the pressure of many -isms. It has nourished the faith and guided the lives of the People of God in a period when the Bible has become the exclusive province of the trained theologian, and in consequence an almost closed book to the devout layman.

Within the Church of England there were thirty years ago, and indeed are still, three main schools of thought. The Evangelicals fought to

retain the doctrine of the inerrancy of the Scriptures long after the battle had been lost. Their concern was with the good tidings of God's redemptive action in Jesus Christ to be apprehended by the individual in faith, and this the doctrine of the inerrant Scriptures seemed to protect, and did in fact protect. Indeed it is only in the thirties of this century that the Evangelicals have begun to develop a genuinely Evangelical post-critical theology.

It was the task of the Liberals to assert the rights of the individual conscience over against any form of authoritarianism, political, ecclesiastical or theological. But this tended to pass over into an assertion of the essential dignity of man as a rational being even against God. So theological Liberalism tended to become humanitarian, Pelagian. It was greatly concerned with the interpretation of theology in terms of the contemporary cosmology and philosophy. It sought Jesus the teacher and example and, certainly in some of its exponents, rejected an objective act of redemption wrought by God in the crucifixion and resurrection of the Lord.

The Tractarians shared with the Evangelicals the concern for the Gospel of salvation, but stressed the doctrine of the Church and the Sacraments. They might have been as conservative as the Evangelicals, but in fact they identified themselves with the new critical approach to

the Scriptures when *Lux Mundi* was published in 1889. The explanation of this we find, I believe, in a passage from the third volume of Charles Gore's *Reconstruction of Belief*, of which the first volume appeared in 1921. Gore, it will be remembered, had when a young man edited and contributed the most controversial essay to *Lux Mundi*. Now as a retired bishop he surveyed the situation and wrote:

Generally it is true that a Catholic—in the sense of one who believes in the Church and the divine authority of its Creed—ought to have felt, and has in fact felt, the strain of the New Criticism less than the Protestant. . . . For the power of naked appeal to the infallible book . . . was exactly what the New Learning of our day has cut at the root. . . . The Catholic was plainly better off. His faith rested primarily on the Creed of the Church. . . . It lifted into high relief certain events and ideas as the things to be believed. Granted the assurance that these things were so, he had still solid ground under his feet, while the discussion about Biblical inspiration and the nature of the Old Testament books proceeded.

To many it must have seemed strange to see Bishop Gore almost complacently watching the breakdown of the tradition that appealed to the infallible book and at the same time assuming that he could continue to trust in 'the divine authority of the Creed'; for the Creed claimed to do no more than state the central faith of the Scriptures. But though he appears to have given up one fundamentalist position in the conviction that he could come to rest in a second, the history of theological thought, not only in England, has gone far to justify Gore's insight. Certainly, for the understanding of the development of theology in the Church of England in the last thirty years, this quotation from Gore is of central significance.

Freedom from the Creeds

Also in 1921 the Conference of the Modern Churchmen's Union at Girton College, Cambridge, claimed freedom from precisely what was for Gore the final anchor, namely the historic creeds of the Church. Dr. Percy Gardner for example said:

I doubt if any living scholar could perform the feat of bringing his mind by an effort exactly into the condition of those of the Fathers at Nicaea. Thus no reasonable man could accept the ancient creeds except as statements historically valuable, and marking a stage in the intellectual development of Christianity.

So the Modernists appealed from the Creeds to the personality of Jesus Himself. Further, they sought to reinterpret the doctrine that Jesus was God and man, by stressing the immanence of God in mankind, an immanence not equally expressed in all men, but supremely expressed in the person of Jesus. This was the Christological doctrine set forth both by Dr. Rashdall and Dr. Bethune Baker. But at that conference there was one discordant voice—the voice of Dr. Foakes Jackson, who said that Liberal Christianity had abler exponents outside the Anglican Communion than within it. The weakness of the Liberal position was that it was unhistorical. And he went on:

However eloquent these teachers may be, however elevated their morality, they are preaching something entirely alien from what was once meant by Christianity. They have lost the historical Christ, and have not regained Him by converting Him into a social reformer, a moral legislator, a revealer of a new conception of God. They are really preaching an entirely new religion, and concealing the fact from themselves by disguising it in the phraseology of the old.

The appeal of the Modernists was to the Jesus of history. It was bitter to be told that their picture of Jesus was unhistorical. Their case against the Creeds was plausible. It was bitter to be told that it cloaked the preaching of a new religion.

But the same charge against the Liberals was made by a New Testament scholar who stood in the tradition of the Tractarians and of *Lux Mundi*, Sir Edwyn Hoskyns. Thus far, the best Biblical scholarship in the Church of England had been concerned with the problem of the text of the New Testament, with the Synoptic problem, and with the exegesis of particular New Testament books. Hoskyns was concerned to expound the faith of the New Testament as a whole. He started from the position that, as he said: 'We know the primitive Church from the New Testament documents. We do not as certainly know Jesus of Nazareth'. We know what the primitive Church believed about Jesus. The Liberals denied that the religion that Jesus taught supported those beliefs. Hoskyns was concerned to show, from the point of view of exact New Testament scholarship, that any such sundering of Jesus from the primitive Church made nonsense of the New Testament. The liberal picture of Jesus was subjective. The New Testament documents

proclaim that Judaism is fulfilled by the advent of the Christ, who inaugurates the new order, which is the Kingdom of God on earth. This was in fact the Gospel that Jesus himself proclaimed. The unity of faith and experience which lies behind the New Testament had its origin in Jesus Himself.

Hoskyns was himself in close touch with New Testament theologians on the Continent and particularly in Germany. He had his own pupils in England trained in the serious exposition of the theology of the New Testament, and encouraged them to study theology in Germany. I was myself one of his pupils and spent a year in Marburg at his suggestion. From Marburg I wrote to ask for suggestions as to English literature to contribute to Bultmann's seminar. Hoskyns replied:

I am ashamed to say I know of no useful book. You see, we in England have never really posed the problem as the Germans pose it, and therefore at any given point in their controversies no English book makes a satisfactory contribution. What we have to give is a temper of mind rather than a conclusion.

On the whole we are less doctrinaire than they are, and perhaps, therefore, less learned. . . . Being less doctrinaire we are, though the Germans will never allow it, freer minded, this freedom being combined with a respect for Christian tradition, not an intellectual tradition so much as a tradition of belief and practice

In Marburg I had also encountered Barth's *Romerbrief* and had written to Hoskyns about it. Hoskyns was later to translate the *Romerbrief*, and for that very reason his earliest recorded reaction as expressed in this letter of March 24, 1924 is interesting. He wrote:

I find Barth, from a scholarly point of view, a dangerous book; it is passionately written, contains very good stuff, but too desperately German, and apt to lead to sentimentalism, which is what he himself does not intend; but preserve us from his disciples! On the other hand, he raises the right questions, and I can well understand Bultmann's general, but qualified, approval.

Hoskyns took part in the discussions with German theologians which issued in the publication of 1930 of *Mysterium Christi*. If the book itself made but a moderate impression on thought in England, I have the impression that the conferences that lay behind the book would appear to have influenced profoundly the English theologians who took part in them. From about 1930 English theology began to enter on a new phase. Many theologians continued to investigate technical literary problems. But by this time it was recognised that literary problems were only preparatory studies for the theologian's real task. The task of the theologian was to expound God's word to man, a word that was expressed in and through the theology of the New Testament. The same task was common to those who stood in the tradition of the Tractarians and to those who stood in the Evangelical tradition, to theologians of the Church of England and to theologians of the Free Churches.

Influence of Dr. Dodd

It is this fact that explains the emergence of Dr. C. H. Dodd as probably the most significant figure in English theology today. Himself a Congregationalist, Dr. Dodd is widely read by the clergy of the Church of England: and of his many books that which has most markedly influenced the thought of other theologians is, I believe, *The Apostolic Preaching and its Developments*, published in 1936. Dr. Dodd contended that the Apostolic Proclamation, the Kerygma, was that the ancient prophecies had been fulfilled and the new age had been inaugurated by the coming of Jesus of Nazareth, who was the promised Messiah, and who had been born of the lineage of David, but had been rejected by men, crucified and buried, but God had justified Him by raising Him from the dead and exalting Him to His own right hand whence He would come again as the Judge and the Saviour; and that all who believed this Gospel, repented and were baptised into the name of Jesus the Messiah would receive the forgiveness of sins, the gift of the Spirit, and a part in the coming age. In other words the original Kerygma was the story of a great redemptive act of God wrought on the plane of human history in Jesus the Messiah and to be fulfilled at the end of history.

From this, paths lead both backwards and forwards. One path leads backwards to a new reading of the Old Testament. It is not enough to read the Old Testament as a record of religious development. We must read the Old Testament as the New Testament writers read it, as a book of promise which finds its fulfilment in the coming of the Messiah. Here the pioneer book in England was Father Hebert's

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NEWS DIARY

March 21-27

Wednesday, March 21

United Nations troops enter Chunchon, a junction eight miles south of 38th parallel in Korea. Mr. Acheson makes statement about question of troops crossing the parallel

M. Auriol, the French President, welcomed on behalf of H.M. the King when the *Ile de France* arrives off Plymouth on way to United States

Argentine Congressional committee orders arrest of Dr. Paz, editor of *La Prensa*, the seized newspaper

Thursday, March 22

French Government cancels police and army leave because of strikes on railways and other public services

Parliament rises for Easter recess

Prime Minister enters hospital to receive treatment for duodenal ulcer

Friday, March 23

Deputies of Foreign Ministers again meet in private in Paris

American military transport aircraft lost in Atlantic

American paratroops dropped behind communist lines link up with armoured force north of Seoul

Saturday, March 24

Deputies of Foreign Ministers make no progress in discussions on agenda in Paris. Mr. Davies says it is wrong to talk of 'deadlock'

French railway strike ends

General MacArthur makes statement about ending conflict in Korea

Sunday, March 25

United Nations troops meet stiffer resistance near 38th parallel

French Cabinet meets to discuss economic problems arising out of strike settlement

Dr. Paz, editor of *La Prensa*, arrives in Uruguay from Argentina

Monday, March 26

President Truman opens meeting of Foreign Ministers of the American Republics in Washington

Indifferent weather mars Easter holiday

Easter conferences discuss cost of living

Tuesday, March 27

Communists reported to be reinforcing their front-line troops in Korea

Mr. Davies returns to Paris for discussions on agenda

Civil estimates published



During the past week many strikes took place in the public services in Paris and other parts of France, and passenger services between London and Paris were interrupted. Last Thursday public transport in Paris was almost brought to a standstill. Parisians are seen queueing in the Place de la Concorde for emergency vehicles



The Prime Minister arriving to open the new headquarters of the United Nations Association at 25 Charles Street, London. Mr. Attlee said we were all pledged to the principles of the United Nations



Cambridge won the University boat race on Easter Monday by twelve lengths after leading all the way. The boats are seen approaching Hammersmith bridge. The race was originally to have been rowed on Saturday but immediately after the start the Oxford boat became more than half water-logged and the crew had to stop rowing. Although the Cambridge crew overcame the conditions which were exceptionally bad owing to the high wind and amount of land water, the umpire, the Bishop of Willesden, declared that there was 'no race'. The right-hand photograph shows the two crews at the start just before Oxford (in foreground) had to abandon their boat



...ster in two capitals: on Maundy Thursday H.M. the King, accompanied by H.M. the Queen and Princess Margaret, distributed alms to old people in Westminster Abbey, London. The Royal Family is seen (left) with Dr. Don, Dean of Westminster. Right: the Pope giving his Easter blessing from the balcony of St. Peter's, Rome



...oughing and sowing are still held up in many parts of the country. ...ing to the continuous rain: water-logged farmland at Stoke Orchard, Gloucestershire



Dr. Gainza Paz, editor of 'La Prensa', the independent Buenos Aires newspaper, who arrived in Uruguay from Argentina after his arrest had been ordered. The newspaper had been shut down for two months



On Saturday the Festival Year season opened at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, with 'Richard II': the deposition scene with Michael Redgrave as the King, surrendering his crown

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Throne of David published in 1941. And a path leads forward. Early in this talk I showed Gore willing to open the floodgates of Biblical criticism because he believed he had in the Creeds an anchor that would hold. But what are the Creeds save an expanded form of the New Testament Kerygma?

The same Kerygma is expressed in the forms of worship, in liturgy. Dom Gregory Dix in *The Shape of the Liturgy* showed how the Jewish *berakah* or thanksgiving over the cup of blessing came to be rewritten as the eucharistic prayer over the bread and wine at the Christian eucharist when the Church gave thanks to God for His great redemptive act in Jesus the Messiah, and the Church, by recalling that redemption, claimed to be renewed in the benefits—the fruits of the New Covenant, the Holy Spirit inspiring the new People of God.

The redemption, then, is an event in the past. The thought-forms through which the Kerygma is expressed belong to a departed age. But, as Professor Ian Henderson said when interpreting Bultmann, 'Once we interpret the mythology of the New Testament, not as primitive science, but as man's way of understanding his own existence, we get at the real truth behind it'. But the Kerygma is not only, or even primarily, a statement about man: it is above all a statement about God. The witness to the redemption is made by the redeemed community, by the contemporary Church. In the Liturgy the past event becomes present power. In the Liturgy the Scriptures are read, the Creed is recited, the Word is preached, the Mystery of our redemption is re-presented that our sins may be forgiven, that the People of God may become what they are, a holy People, and may go forth from the assembly to bear witness by life, and word and act.

For the Church of England the Liturgy is simply the order of the Book of Common Prayer as that book is used and interpreted in the cathedrals, parish churches, and college chapels of our land. It is through the Book of Common Prayer, and therefore in the light of the Kerygma, that the Bible is read and understood.

Yet, despite this stabilising influence of the Book of Common Prayer, and the impact of the new biblical theology, which has to a remarkable degree broken up old hardinesses, there remain divergent tendencies within the Church of England. First the Evangelicals. They could not be reconciled to biblical criticism for so long as biblical criticism dismissed the Kerygma as unimportant. But today biblical criticism stresses the Kerygma, the Gospel, and so they find themselves completely at home in the new biblical theology. At the same time the new biblical theology is forcing on them a change of emphasis. As Bishop Stephen Neill has put it: 'The recovery of the sense of the Church as essential to the Gospel is one of the outstanding developments of modern theology'. Secondly, those who stand in the tradition of the Tractarians. Here I note a parting of the ways. For those who follow in the footsteps of Hoskyns the test of a genuine catholicism is always the theology of the New Testament. Increasingly they and the genuine Evangelicals find that they speak a common theological language.

Others in this tradition are drawn by neo-scholasticism. To the

biblical theology they add a natural theology. They are also rationalists. On both counts they have much in common with the Liberals. But they diverge from the Liberals in the stress they lay on theology as the expression of the revelation which God has committed to the Mystical Body of Christ—the Church. The danger I see is lest they come to rest in the construction of a system, nominally derived from the revelation but in fact imposed upon it. The concern of the Liberals is to re-interpret the Gospel in terms of the contemporary cosmology and philosophy. The Church is always concerned to address the contemporary man. But it cannot simply speak the language of the contemporary man. It has a Gospel to proclaim to him—the Gospel of God. Further the philosophy of the contemporary man changes. The Liberal can easily find that he is speaking, not to the contemporary philosophy, but to the philosophy of yesterday.

These are but tendencies, fruitful in the tensions they create. What endures is the liturgical tradition. And in the Church of England that means the Book of Common Prayer. But even the Book of Common Prayer has been called in question in certain respects by the dynamic power of biblical theology and early liturgical tradition.

One more word. I quoted F. D. Maurice as saying of the Book of Common Prayer that it was 'my protection and the protection of the Church against Anglicanism'. Why 'against Anglicanism'? Let me explain. The classical position of the Church of England is that it is the Church of God in England. That is a claim which, with the rise of the Free Churches, the Church of England has found it increasingly difficult to maintain. So a new ground of apology has been discovered in 'Anglicanism', a type of Christianity different from Presbyterianism or Methodism or Lutheranism or Roman Catholicism.

The need for this new ground of apology has arisen even more on behalf of the Anglican communion overseas. Nevertheless, in the change from the classical apology for the Church of England as the Church of God in England to the modern apology for Anglicanism, there has taken place a profound and most dangerous loss of contact with the New Testament doctrine of the Church. St. Paul wrote to 'the church of God which is at Corinth', not to the church of Paul, or the church of Apollos, or the church of Cephas. Today we should be concerned with the Church of God in England, or France, or Germany, or South India; in London, or Birmingham, or Edinburgh; and not with Anglicanism or Presbyterianism or Congregationalism. When members of the Church of England speak of the church of their baptism as Anglican they accept for it the position of one denomination amongst others. When denominations are spoken of as 'the churches' it is made manifest how far we have lost touch with the New Testament doctrine of the Church, for there the local church is the local expression of the one Catholic Church.

I am not suggesting that there exists any easy short-cut solution to the problem of the Church. I am, however, saying that the Church as it exists today stands under the judgment and the mercy of God, and that it is the New Testament itself which compels us to face the theological urgency of the oecumenical task.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Legacy of the 'Twenties

Sir,—Among much that I do not understand in Mr. Noel Annan's talk 'The Legacy of the 'Twenties', printed in THE LISTENER for March 22, there is a reference to myself that I cannot let pass unchallenged:

Eliot set up as his standard of values Catholicism. His followers by no means all accepted this. And Dr. Leavis, in particular, has laid down a far stricter and more comprehensive method of placing authors in a hierarchy of merit.

I wish Mr. Annan would describe this method, for I am quite unaware of it. And I must add, with immediate relevance, that I do not understand his account of what he offers (I gather) as an alternative kind of criticism to mine: 'But ultimately the criterion was neither aesthetic nor moral but personal'.

I myself believe that there is no substitute for intelligence and sensibility, criticism being the disciplined use of these. That is, I believe that a judgment is personal, or it is nothing. I also believe that every responsible critical judgment aspires to be more than personal. This truth Mr. Annan himself seems to recognise when he makes his tolerant critic say:

I am a man who has spent his life in reading the best in many literatures or looking at many pictures, and I invite you to acknowledge my wisdom and my trained taste and to share my conclusions. Further we cannot go.

Surely, when we invite others to share our conclusions it is real agreement we desire; a critic, in so far as he is one, gets no satisfaction from being deferred to as a supposed authority. A critical judgment has, of its very nature, the form: 'This is so, is it not?' And the question,

the appeal, is a recognition that we *may*, the activity of real judgment having been started, be able to go further. For criticism is essentially a collaborative business; a critic cannot be unaware that he is engaged in 'the common pursuit of true judgment'.

This formulation is Mr. Eliot's and I own I find it a useful one. But does that make me a follower of Mr. Eliot? (The suggestion that I *am* one must, I think, be as surprising to him as it is to me.) To call me a follower of Dr. Johnson and Matthew Arnold and D. H. Lawrence, critics with whom I find myself much more in sympathy, would be less misleading.

As for establishing authors in a 'hierarchy of merit', in what sense in which anyone seriously interested in literature is not, am I committed to that? Mr. Annan's tolerant or personal critic claims to have spent his life in 'reading the

best' and training his 'taste'. I remember to have been, as a young teacher, academically rebuked for talking on the assumption that 'King Lear' was a greater work than 'Romeo and Juliet'. Does Mr. Annan think that one can seriously discuss literature without making such assumptions, and, when there is any point in doing so (for they are not always so obviously just as this one appears to me), setting to work to test, and correct or justify, them?

The difference is not between the critic who goes in for what Mr. Annan oddly describes as 'toleration' and the critic who thinks he has a method for ranging authors in some demonstrable order of merit, but, given an interest in literature and art, between degrees of efficacy in the relevant use of intelligence.—Yours, etc.,
Cambridge F. R. LEAVIS

Contemporary Scientific Mythology

Sir,—Professor Dingle is right. Newton did reply to Leibniz' and Berkeley's criticisms. But his manner of doing so was perfunctory: he left Cotes, Bentley and Clarke to carry the burden of the controversy with these critics, and confined himself to the brief remarks added to the second editions of his two major works. By contrast he exposed the weaknesses of the Cartesian theory in detail and at length. That is why I said in my first talk (THE LISTENER, March 1) that Newton 'did not think it worth while' to reply to Leibniz and Berkeley as he did to the Cartesians. And despite what Mach and Frank have written (following Leibniz) his theory does not rest on metaphysical or theological assumptions. Dr. Johnson knew better than that, as he showed in his dispute with the Rev. Hector McLean of Col (*Tour to the Hebrides*, Ch. XI). As for Newton's natural theology, this consists largely of pious expressions of wonder, in the manner of Paley. He never infers anything theological from, for instance, the form of his law of gravitation: in fact he repeatedly rejects as premature questions about gravity that are not yet open to experimental investigation.

Professor Polanyi quotes the remarks in my second talk (THE LISTENER, March 8) about 'the impossibility of weighing fire', and concludes that I am basing an empirical conclusion on verbal premises. Had I been doing so, his strictures would be justified. But my next analogy, taken from cartography, should show him that this is not so. Rather, my concern is with the procedure by which thermodynamical theories are used to explain actual physical phenomena.

As long as one leaves this procedure unexamined and thinks of 'entropy' in theoretical terms alone, the 'running-down universe' story will keep its force. This is where Dr. Clark's letter comes in. For the term 'order', as he uses it, is as much a technical term of theoretical physics as the more recondite-looking 'entropy': it is easy therefore to put more weight on it than it will bear. This may be why Dr. Clark overlooks the vital question: how far, and in what respects, his analogy between 'the whole universe' and a hatful of cards can be pressed. For this is something we cannot discover by theorising alone, but only by seeing in detailed, practical terms the relation between thermodynamics and the phenomena it is used to explain. And for these purposes the more abstract formulations of the Second Law are of no use.

If you take it for granted that the Second Law can be thought of as 'about the whole universe', you may well find its apparent implications puzzling. So it is not surprising that Dr. Clark ends up by postulating a mysterious It (or perhaps He) to help him out of his logical difficulties. But when you are driven by a hidden assumption into a philosophical impasse, the thing to do is to recognise the assumption, not

to rely on unverifiable (if not, indeed, unintelligible) postulates to get you over the consequences of it.—Yours, etc.,
Oxford STEPHEN TOULMIN

By What Values?

Sir,—May I dissent from Professor Butterfield's apparent doubt as to whether our respect for human personality is today grounded in a spiritual view of life? Lay men and women do not easily speak of these things, but if the essence of Christianity is to love one's neighbour as oneself, I think the last seventy years can well stand comparison with any preceding era. Surely the outstanding example is the case of the unmarried mother. When I was a child she was an outcast. But efforts on her behalf steadily grew, until, by the outbreak of war in 1914, the state had given her the same subsistence allowance as the married woman. What action could have been more directly inspired by Christ's teaching? And the same can be said of all the social services which have led to the 'welfare' state of today.

And if it cannot be denied that many churches are emptier than formerly, might something not be done to remedy this if clergymen not specially gifted as preachers felt more free occasionally to read sermons written by others, and, in churches where there is no fixed liturgy, to make more use of authorised prayers? A far greater wealth of cultural interests than formerly today competes with church attendance, and a man may be an admirable parish priest and yet be helped to attract a larger congregation if he can make occasional use of the sermons or prayers of leading men of his church. I assume that the authorship of sermons would be stated, and I feel sure that in many cases this would greatly stimulate interest in their content.—Yours, etc.,
London, W.8 KATHARINE ATHOLL

Framework of the Future

Sir,—Mr. Harris replies to my challenge by the dubious process of altering its terms. It is as if I said: 'I challenge Mr. Harris to deny he wrote a letter in THE LISTENER', and he replied: 'I deny emphatically that I wrote a letter to *The Times*'. The Cominform does this sort of thing once a day.

I believe that in 1945 the British people freely chose a Labour Government; Mr. Harris seems to have convinced himself that the Czechs (for example) have freely chosen their present government.

I presume Mr. Harris found himself in whole-hearted agreement with everything the Nazis did inside Germany, say from 1936-1939, since the late Mr. Hitler was able to produce resounding majorities showing that the Germans had chosen 'that government or way of life'. Or, if he did not like what Hitler (and Mussolini) were doing, he would have thought it very wrong to try to take any action against them. I, on the other hand, regard it as my duty as a human being to take any practical action which is in my power to support freedom and attack tyranny. When the Nazis persecuted and tortured their political opponents and the Jews, I considered these abominations to be very much my concern and history has shown I was right. I beg leave to say that so far as I am concerned this correspondence is now closed and I hope Mr. Harris will not have to learn to see the light by looking for it through the wire of a concentration camp.

Should he find himself in this situation he can count on me to do my best to get him back his freedom provided he has lost his liberty through the intolerance of those who do not like him to use it to express his opinions. I hope he would do the same for me, which is more than even Mr. Harris can believe would be done for their

political opponents by the thugs beyond the Iron Curtain.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.1 STEPHEN KING-HALL

The Village of Shotts

Sir,—The 'fierce rural pride' mentioned by Mr. Jerome Willis when he spoke on 'The Village of Shotts' (THE LISTENER, March 15) has resulted in many people disagreeing with the views he expressed concerning their home town. He has chosen many of the less common aspects of our life to form the basis of the talk. He has put too much emphasis upon 'pints, pubs, and dogs'; his talk was illustrated with the only example available of nineteenth-century houses with a slag heap in the background for one of his pictures; and he has given some of us the idea that he tried to portray a mining village as he imagined it before visiting Shotts.

Mr. Willis was either very self-conscious or curiously dressed when he arrived in Shotts. We are not so lacking in a cosmopolitan outlook or so isolated from the world that we all stare at a stranger, unless he makes himself obvious through unusual clothes or actions. Even in London such things will attract attention and people will stare. In a place the size of Shotts it is not possible to know everyone—even by instinct. Over 70 per cent. of the houses in Shotts have been built since 1920 and the majority of these still look new. So why talk of a 'grey village'? The gate, in one of the pictures, was never the works' gate. The works were not closed in 1946 but the blast furnaces ceased production about that time and in 1947 they were dismantled. Otherwise everything else is about the same as before in the ironworks.

If Mr. Willis can pay another visit to Shotts during the first week of June this year he will certainly add a great deal to what he learned about Shotts in January. Then he will get a better overall picture of the community and its interests. He will find that the Miners' Institute is not the only thing that is unique about Shotts because he will learn enough to show that the village itself is unique. You are invited, Mr. Willis, to come and see Shotts put on a display of music, drama and art which few mining villages in any part of Britain can attain.

Yours, etc.,
Shotts J. S. ROY,
Chairman, Shotts Committee, Festival of Britain

Politics in Polynesia

Sir,—I feel that I must express my deep regret at the printing of an inaccurate caption below one of the illustrations accompanying my article on 'Politics in Polynesia' in THE LISTENER last week. The illustrations themselves are admirable. However, the three women in the foreground of the photograph described as 'Samoan dancing girls' are, in fact, the three ladies of highest rank in the land. The eldest of them, on the right, is the daughter of the nineteenth-century King Malietoa Laupepa and wife of the late Hon. Mata'afa Faumuina; she died last year. The other two are the wives of Samoa's present High Chiefs, Hon. Tupua Tamasese and Hon. Malietoa Tanumafili. Behind them stands an assemblage of chiefs' wives. They are taking part in a formal ceremony of welcome to the United Nations Mission.—Yours, etc.,
Cambridge J. W. DAVIDSON

'A Change of Heart'

Sir,—In his review of my novel, *A Change of Heart*, Mr. David Paul quotes a sentence which begins: 'Her lips were anxious and staring...'. This should read: 'Her eyes were anxious and staring...'—as Mr. Paul will note if ever he glances at the second impression.—Yours, etc.,
Caernarvon EMYR HUMPHREYS

Art

At the Foundling Gallery

By OLIVER WARNER

OF the smaller galleries of London, few so often escape notice of the curious as that within the modern offices of the Foundling Hospital in Brunswick Square. Two centuries ago, when Thomas Coram's charity had just come into being, Jacobsen's building and its treasures, artistic and musical, were among the sights of the town. Handel and Hogarth helped to make the place important. Fielding's Tom Jones was—most topically—a foundling; and down to Dickens' time and beyond it the chapel services were an attraction to Bloomsbury.

Coram himself, a seaman-trader of difficult temper, died in the March of 1751. By that time the philanthropy to which he had devoted many active years of his life was well established. His private enjoyment had long been to sit on sunny days in the Hospital Arcade, giving gingerbread to children who owed him everything, and did not know it.

Coram had been the mainspring of a gracious, lasting work, one of whose by-products was curious. Led by Hogarth, artists formed the habit of presenting paintings to the Foundling. These formed what must have been one of the first permanent exhibitions of contemporary art. The notion caught on. Soon an annual show was arranged. This was held in other places, and from success arose the idea of a Royal Academy. There is no evidence that Coram himself knew a good

painting from a bad one, but he had the knack of inspiring fine sentiments, and hence, works of feeling.

Particularly was this so with Hogarth. He designed the grotesque but appropriate coat-of-arms for the Foundling, and painted Coram the size of life. It was Hogarth's first portrait on so large a scale.

It gave him great pleasure and the wish to excel. The result is a masterpiece, the jewel of the Foundling collection. Equally famous is 'The March of the Guards to Finchley', a picture which by its satire much annoyed George II. Hogarth sold it by lottery. He issued 2,000 tickets, of which he presented 157 to the Hospital. One of these gained the prize.

Other treasures include Rysbrack's bas-relief representing children engaged in 'Navigation and Husbandry'. Coram believed these occupations to be most fitting for his boys; the girls were to learn the domestic skills. Then there is Roubiliac's bust of Handel, the original model from which the better known one at Windsor was executed. There is also a large fragment of a cartoon by Raphael. This came to the Hospital in 1835 under the will of Prince Hoare. It is a portion of one of thirteen made at the order of Pope Leo X which were sent to Flanders to be executed in tapestry. It is the largest existing fragment belonging to the great group, of which seven perfect examples can now be seen to much advantage at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Oddly enough, there is no reference to the Hoare fragment in the latest official description of the cartoons.

The history of the acquisition of the Raphael is itself curious. Prince Hoare's father, William Hoare the painter, hearing it was for sale, explained its importance to a rich friend, and persuaded him to advance the purchase money on condition of sharing the property. To his own great wonder, Hoare bought it for £26. The opulent friend, a man of no discrimination, relinquished his share in exchange for a portrait of his family. The subject is the Murder of the Innocents, and there hangs near it a sepia key drawing.

Reynolds, Ramsay, Wilson and many of the great eighteenth-century painters are well represented at the Foundling, also that rare marine artist, Charles Brooking, who presented a large sea-piece. Among the incidentals there is a portrait by Hazlitt. It is of Patrick Kelly, once a Governor. It is creditable in execution, and it was missed, by some chance, by the late P. P. Howe, Hazlitt's biographer, in his catalogue of the known works in oil.

Finally, in the Court Room there hangs a group of pleasing roundels of eighteenth-century Hospitals. Richard Wilson did the Foundling and St. George's; Samuel Wale, Greenwich and St. Thomas's; Edward Haytley, Bethlem and Chelsea; Gainsborough, The Charterhouse. Naturally, among so much that is good, there are the usual number of heavy eighteenth-century renderings of classical and biblical subjects, many appropriate enough in subject, but lifeless in execution.

The best of these works, which were given for the benefit of Coram's redeemed children, have enriched posterity. As to the foundlings, although their first home has, alas, disappeared during this century, they are now cared for at new schools at Berkhamsted. The earlier among them have their particular memorial in a little case of coins, tokens and trinkets, left by their mothers long ago at Coram's door.

The York Festival, June 3-17, will include performances of the York Mystery Plays, a York Festival of the Arts, and a number of choral, orchestral and chamber music concerts. Organ recitals and some of the concerts will be given in the Minster. The Hallé, the London Philharmonic and the Yorkshire Symphony Orchestras will take part.



'The Foundling', by Richard Wilson



'Captain Coram', with Jacobsen's Foundling Hospital in the background. From a recently discovered oil painting by R. Nebot

Introduction to Sorcery

By SIR ARTHUR GRIMBLE

MOST Europeans who believe in an after-life draw a clear horizon-line between the worlds of the living and the dead. The pagans of the Gilbert Islands, as I knew them thirty-five years ago, imagined no such comfortable partition. The seen and the unseen made but one world for them. Their dead were helped overseas to a western paradise, it is true, but no known ritual could bind them there; only the lapse of generations could do that.

Unseen Watchers

The belief was that the more recently departed could and did return. They were jealous. They wanted to see what their descendants were doing. Their skeletons or skulls had to be preserved in the family lodges for them to re-enter as they liked. If skulls at least were not kept, their ghosts would come and scream reproach by night with voices of crickets from the palm-leaves that overhung the dwellings. And so, whether a man was pious or impious to his fathers, his house was a house forever brooded over by unseen watchers.

Not that the older folk thought of their dead only as threatening ghosts. There was love as well as fear in the ancient cult of the ancestor, and mostly the love predominated. I was looking round the waterfront of a Tarawa village one day when I came upon an old, old man alone in a canoe-shed nursing a skull in the crook of his elbow. He was blowing tobacco smoke between its jaws: as he puffed, he chuckled and talked aloud: 'The smoke is sweet, grandfather—*ke-e-e?*' he was saying, 'We like it—*ke-e-e?*' He told me was loving the skull because his grandfather—who was inside it—had been very good to him in years gone by. 'Is it not suitable', he asked, 'for me to be good to him in return?' And he answered for himself at once, '*Aongkoa!* (of course!)' He went on to say he had chosen tobacco as his offering of love because, as far as he knew, there was no supply of that particular luxury in the ancestral paradise. For his homely affection, at least, the skull was no mere reminder of death, but a cheerful token of man's immortality.

The sad thing was that the earliest Christian teachers in the Gilbert Islands gave no honour to the spirit of filial gratitude and fatherly goodness that breathed through the old beliefs. More modern pioneers would have used them, much as gardeners use the rugged stocks of wild rose and bitter orange, for grafts of tenderer yield. I saw one or two later missionaries earnestly trying to do that; but the harm had gone too far to be undone. Indiscriminate derision of the old ways of thought, and cruel raids upon ancestral shrines in the villages, had destroyed by 1900 all respect for the pagan dead among the rising generation. Affection made its exit with veneration, and only superstition remained. Ancient superstitions are not rooted out as easily as ancient loves. The ghosts of the dead still haunted the villages: the difference was that they had become wholly vindictive now in the belief of everyone but a handful of the dying generation.

Then, too, there was the imminence of Things—Things that were not human. The new religion had not yet banished the fear of these. There was no single inanimate object that had not a Thing lurking inside it. A stick or a stone, a tree, a leaf, or the fragment of a leaf was not only its visible self but also a hidden presence. And every presence was a possible menace: it could be enlisted to destroy you. The more intimately it was attached to you, the more dangerous it could be. The spirit of your fish-hook could be turned by nothing more than the fixed stare of your enemy to bring you luckless fishing. The spirit of your cooking-oven could be made by sorcery to encompass your death or madness, the spirit of a single stray hair of your head (especially if you were a woman) to work hideous things upon you. And crowding in at you out of the dark with the ghosts of the dead and the Things that lurked in things were the prowling familiars. Every sorcerer had his familiar. It was usually something alive, like a beetle, bird or fish, but it might be some unbodied spirit of disease, or rottenness, or the blackness under the earth. Whatever it was, it could spy on you and bring evil as the sorcerer ordained. Beyond the familiars again were the multitudinous creatures whose death might mean your own, you knew not when: the life index creatures. If your enemy took

a lizard or a dragon-fly and slowly starved the breath out of it, using the right rituals, then as its body weakened so would yours fade away, and when it died so would you, too.

You will be wondering how the race could have remained cheerful under the weight of so many dreads, for it did remain cheerful. There is plenty of evidence in the old burlesque songs and dances that laughter never died in the Gilbert Islands. I personally believe that the survival of the people's sense of proportion was due mainly to their religion. 'Be of good heart amid all these dangers', said the village fathers, 'for your ancestors love you'. I am not quoting at random: the words were said to me by an elder of the sun clan called Karongoa-of-the-Kings (into which I had been adopted) when he believed me to be threatened by a death-curse. His teaching was that I had only to justify myself before them and the sun (first, by giving them honour; second, by avoiding incest; third, by abstaining from violence against their sacred creatures) and they would save me alive if I called upon them properly. A system of protective rituals to countervail aggressive magic had its roots in this comforting doctrine.

The call for protection was made in the form of invocations called *tataro*, which were, in effect, simple prayers. My old teacher gave me two *tataro* for personal use. He recommended the first for what he courteously styled my 'bad luck' at fishing. It had to be recited sitting on my canoe, looking up at the sun, with the luckless hook raised breast-high between joined palms:

Sun-e-e, Sun-o-o, I beg thee, I, Grimb!e!
Thou knowest me with my ill-wished hook.
Ancestors-e-e, Auriaria, Tituaabine-o-o, I beg you, I, Grimb!e!
You know me with my ill-fortune.
I am faint-hearted; you, help me!
It is ended. Safety and Peace are mine. Safety and Peace.

The true characters of prayer appear more convincingly, perhaps, in the next example, for an attitude of supplication is associated there with an oblation and a plea of righteousness. My teacher gave me this one as a sure defence against the death-spell I have mentioned. The instructions ran that, before beginning to eat any meal, I must raise a morsel of food on upturned palm before me and repeat aloud:

This is the lifting up of the portion of the Ancestors.
Here is thy food, Auriaria: I have committed no incest.
Here is thy food, Tituaabine: I have not harmed thy creature (the Giant Ray).
I am excellent-e-e! I touch the sun, I clasp the moon.
Turn back the spirits of the death-magic: turn them back, for I, Grimb!e, beg you.
I am not lost. Safety and Peace are mine. Safety and Peace.

Faith and Benediction

My old man said the prayer would please the Ancestors best if I could get one or two companions of my adoptive clan to repeat it with me, saying 'we' instead of 'I'. It was disclosed to me later that *tataro* of the same shape were used in collective ceremonials connected with the fructification of the pandanus tree and the eating of its first-fruits. I found none that did not close with the wistful formula—statement of faith and benediction in one—'Safety and Peace are ours. Safety and Peace'.

The Gilbertese word that I have here construed 'safety' is *mauri*. It has compendious connotations of material prosperity, good health and security from the attacks of evil spirits. In its prayerful context it might perhaps be better rendered by the word 'blessedness', for the state was regarded as a gift from the gods. An equally touching and constant feature of all the protective prayers was their total freedom from revengeful motives. 'The Sun and the Ancestors will do what they will to your ill-wishers', said my old friend to me: 'the *tataro* is not for anger'. These prayers aimed at security, in fact, not through the malice of the suppliant or his gods, but simply through the faith of a man in the love of his ancestors.

But the active charities that went with the cult of the ancestor were

confined within the family group. There was no obligation upon a man to abstain from the practice of sorcery against members of clans other than his own. The same person could be Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—a user of *tataro* for defensive purposes and of the death-magic called *wawai* for aggression. As a sorcerer he was crudely animistic. He believed that everything in the world had an *anti*, or spirit, shut up inside it. Every *anti* could be called up out of the darkness of its imprisoning stuff. Nothing more was needed for that than the use of the right words with the right movements. If every detail of his ritual was correct, the sorcerer became the master of the *anti*: there was no nonsense about its loving him or wanting his love.

I do not wish it to be understood that all Gilbertese witchcraft was bent on evil. Its spells covered the whole range of the islander's activities: there was not a cranny of a man's or a woman's life into which it did not enter, and great sections of it—especially those which covered childbirth, marriage and death—were untainted by human malice. I knew one professional sorcerer who dealt only in what he called 'the magic of kindness'; he had clients for his love-potions and good-luck charms from end to end of the Gilbert group. But the majority of the professionals were sinister beings. Curses intended to bring madness, death and disease were their common stock-in-trade, and when the ancestral cult died, the terror of their works hung like a black cloud over the villages. Here are the words of a curse upon a cooking-oven. You are to imagine the sorcerer squatting naked, in the dark before dawn, over his enemy's fireplace and stabbing at the ashes with a stick as he mutters:

Spirit of madness, Nei Terang!
 Spirit of excrement, Nei Tebutae!
 Spirit of eating alive, Nei Mataora!
 Spirits of rottenness, Maauere, Maauere-o-o!
 I stab the fire of his food, the food of that man Naewa.
 Strike west of him, you! Strike east of him, you!
 Strike as I stab, strike death!
 Strangle him, madden him, shame him with rottenness!
 His liver heaves, it heaves, it is overturned and torn apart.
 His bowels heave, they heave, they are torn apart and gnawed.
 He is black mad, he is dead.
 It is finished: he is dead, dead, dead. He rots.

My old friend of the protective ritual gave me this as an example of the kind of curse that had been laid upon my shrinking self. Of course it is admitted that, apart from their obscenity, such curses amounted to nothing but a pack of words. But the trouble was, they often worked. The sorcerers usually took care to back their spells with something more than words. They knew a good deal about fish-poisons, and also about the blistering secretion of the cantharides-fly, which swarms among the coconut-blossom. And even if no such adventitious aid was used, there was always man's fear working on the side of the sorcerer. It is an eerie thing to know yourself cursed, even if you are a European. A brown man with sixty generations of terror-struck belief whispering in his blood, and no trust any more in the saving love of his ancestors, and not yet any deep hold upon the comforts of his new religion, was easy meat for the death-magic. The sorcerers had little to learn in practice about the murderous force of auto-suggestion.

I believe all these dark things are done with in the Gilbert Islands of today. Education in the mission schools and (if I may be so sentimental) more comforting emphasis upon the dynamics of love in Christian teaching, had already helped much by 1933 towards banishing dread of the death-magic from the villages. Since then exciting new things like co-operative marketing, and political progress, and radio have come into the life of the islands. The long tedium of the village nights is brightened in 1951 by talk and thought about a hundred interests that were not there to drive out the spectres of old. But I lived there when fear was still master. The villages were haunted.

Do not mistake my meaning. I am not putting it to you that ghosts returned from the dead, or familiars prowled, or presences lurked in things. I speak as a sceptic about that kind of belief. But it is in my experience that malice and fear are strong infections. They can taint things and places just as human love can sweeten them. Generation upon generation of sorcerers who willed evil, and of people who dreaded their power, had lived out their lives in those islands. The piled-up horror of their convictions had achieved, down the ages, a weight and a shadow of its own, an immanence that brooded over everything. It was man's thoughts, more potent than ghosts, that haunted the habitations of men. One felt that practically anything could happen in that atmosphere.—*Home Service*

The Spirit of the Game

By CHRISTOPHER SALMON

FROM the fifteenth to the twenty-first of last October a remarkable proclamation hung on the billboards of Providence, Rhode Island. It was embellished with bright capitals, and a sure sign in America that the weight of tradition is to be invoked, the letter 'u' was a vowel in 'vigorous' and 'honoured'. The language was august. 'Whereas Brown University, the oldest institution of learning in the City of Providence, has for nearly two centuries richly endowed our community with the fruits of learning . . . —that sort of thing. I looked to the end: 'I, therefore, Dennis J. Roberts, Mayor, do hereby urge our citizens, in keeping with the fine traditions of New England town and gown, to support our team'. Our team; so all this was for a game of football.

I thought absurdly of Plymouth Hoe and Francis Drake and bowls, and, as you will see, this was in fact just the sort of reaction that the Mayor wanted. American football is an honoured institution. By mid-October the season is a fortnight old, and no historical analogy is too high flown. I saw Magna Carta signed on the field at half-time at one game this season, and everywhere bands play and tumblers tumble and mascots cavort, and majors and majorettes parade. A roll of telegrams of well-wishing, 813 feet long, was handed to the captain of the Navy in the Army and Navy game. American football is a passion and a duty. To watch it is part of getting on. To root and roar till you lose your voice is to sign yourself a good fellow, and enthusiasm in the stadium is an added charm in women.

But the football that matters is amateur, and not professional like baseball, and I believe the almost dedicated feeling that surrounds American football is a tribute which this country pays to the college boy. The college boy is not the rich man's son; he is everyman's

son. His privilege is simply to be American, and the publicity that Americans give him as a footballer is their way of telling him what they respect in him, and what they expect from him.

All the same perhaps I should qualify the term 'amateur'. Princeton, Yale and Harvard do not subsidise their players, but as teams run in America those places don't count. The universities that set the pace make no secret of attracting footballers by scholarship and subsidy. The bidding can rise high. There was a boy at Vanderbilt two years ago to whom the Governor of another State took the habit of telephoning. The first time he spoke about a university 500 miles to the south where they would take him on on a scholarship basis at no cost to himself. The boy said thank you he was happy where he was. The next time the Governor said he understood several prominent people connected with this other university had become interested in the boy, and the chances were there would be a good job waiting for him after college. The boy said thank you again, but he still liked where he was. Finally, the Governor told the boy that his 'date' could be given a free education too. This girl was either just going or had just gone to a college hundreds of miles away to the north, but apparently the Governor's friends had some pull up there too. This was too much for the boy. He went where he was wanted.

These tendencies do not run everywhere unopposed. The late President of the University of Chicago, academically one of the best universities in the country, scratched football from the fixture list overnight and got his way. This was the man who was credited with saying that he himself never took exercise. If he ever felt like taking it he lay down till the feeling passed.

I understand that the heat was turned on to college football by

professional promoters after the first world war. It was then that the great stadiums were built, and audiences began to be rated in scores of thousands up to eighty or a hundred thousand at a time. The level of the football played began to rise. Specialisation and substitution have now set new standards. One whole team may be kept for offensive play and another for defensive. One man may be brought on to the field only to kick conversions, but football is still hard work. Beside what he has to do on the field the player must attend blackboard drills and lecture sessions. Every game is recorded by cine-cameras and analysed by the coaches and played back to the players. And the tactics of opposing teams are closely studied, and spies are sent to rival fields, and the schools are combed. I am sometimes inclined to think that American football is becoming an intellectual game so that perhaps it is played by the wrong people.

'The Mayor Had It Wrong'

America took her tradition of competitive sport from us, and one can say, I suppose, that American football is what has happened to rugby and the public school spirit in the American social atmosphere. Certainly its moral tinge runs deep. One paragraph in the Mayor of Providence's proclamation ran like this: 'Whereas in keeping with the ancient principles of Sparta the sons of Brown have been developing that character, stamina and courage which has typified the American youth when called by the nation to the battlefields of Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Chateau Thierry, Normandy and the bloody shores of Tarawa'. We have had our own sayings about Waterloo and the playing fields of Eton, but at school we used to take that sort of sentiment like Henry Newbolt's 'The galling's jammed', and 'his captain's hand on his shoulder smote', as a club joke to be specially enjoyed by members. That defines nothing, of course. One may laugh at sentiment and still let it work. But when I reflected on the Mayor's exhortation I did not think of Flanders. I remembered winter afternoons at Oxford, and the little field on the Iffley Road with fifty people, perhaps, on the touchline and the mist rising white by the willows. And I felt certain that the Mayor had it all wrong.

While a war is actually being fought any country's schools and universities will lend their influence towards winning it. Games have to come into it then like everything else. I went to Harrow in the autumn of 1914, at the very moment when the monitors and heads of houses of the term before were leading their platoons out of the trenches into battle with nothing better than swagger sticks in their hands. The masters and the elder boys set themselves to make us as capable as they could of the same kind of courage. My housemaster used to tell us about a boy who had been at Rugby in his day who had dropped a rugby ball and had run crying off the field, and had afterwards won a Victoria Cross in the South African war.

I have no doubt that the Mayor of Providence was thinking of Korea, but I still do not think that the English tradition of games has had much to do with the spirit of Sparta. The public schools only took to organised competitive games in the nineteenth century, and they took to them then to train boys, not for war, but for a life of administrative service, at home and in the empire. House matches were a middle-class version of the spirit of *noblesse oblige*. That was why losing well was understood to be as good as winning. American teams do attach more importance to winning, but I doubt whether our own attitude is suitable for export: it is too full of paradox. In any case American football is no longer British property, even by dissent. This season's heroes sound like Cornet Christoff on the Hungarian Plains, Kleinsuffer, Kutz, Uvudsky, Kuruz, Unger, Krudzeff, Vodiceila, Keresty, Stutzhunga. And I am not sure that there isn't a touch of the crusading spirit in American football. I understand that every member of the famous Notre Dame squad kneels at the altar for Mass before taking the field. The special train which took Vanderbilt supporters to the match against Tour-laine at New Orleans this year carried a Minister to hold special services going and coming in a parlour car.

That American players are expected to play to win explains many of the changes which overtake games in America. Twenty years and you can hardly recognise them. The bats and clubs change. Dress changes. The ball changes and the rules change. I find this changing of the rules particularly significant. Why, for instance, do they remain fixed in England? I think it is because we see in hard and fast rules a guarantee that, however hard we play, what we are playing is in the end nothing more or more important than a game. In America,

on the other hand, people seem to me to look on the rules chiefly as the instrument of the players. Their value is technical only. If the proficiency of the players can be made more brilliant by changing the rules, the rules are changed. Coaches study the letter of them and exploit whatever is not expressly defended. Not much is left now, it seems, to exploit, for the injunctions are explicit, but there are legends of the past—like that of a team which had sections of footballs embossed on the front of their jerseys to make it harder when they ran for the other side to see who was carrying the ball.

Much of the spirit of the game is reflected in the umpire's profession. In England, we all know, the umpire is a kind of high priest. He is as sacred as the rules and as firm as they are. It is the authority rather than the content of his judgment which matters, and this is a lesson every English schoolboy must learn. The flight of the ball is hard to follow, and the umpire is human and may be wrong. If you are right and the verdict goes against you, let it alone. You have no ground for grievance since it is respect for the decision that counts. This doctrine in England reaches far beyond school and college. It seems to me to have taught us much of what we think about sovereignty and power. Judges and others in authority do their best: we must not regard them as infallible. I heard this view—and it seems to me as English as Thomas Hobbes—expressed again and again by Londoners during the blitz. For what it is worth they hold it as true for the course of the world in general. It is no use expecting justice every time. Reward and punishment are no more than mortal, and will give place in heaven to understanding.

I think that the Puritan conscience developed in America without this twist. It may be characteristically British, but it is a twist all right, and easily misunderstood and called something like hypocrisy. Americans seem to me much more directly jealous of justice. They stand out for the person. Spiritually he is sacrosanct and empirically he must be inviolate. No American parent will have his son thrashed at school, and as the boy grows up he is encouraged to develop the most lively sense against indignity or outrage. The assurance of this seems to me a little touchy. Perhaps the American is naturally too cheerful and too confident to believe, as we tend to, that life itself is punishing. At least in his games it seems to be enormously important to the American player that the umpire should not make inaccurate decisions, and he has to umpire games where playing up to the limits of the rules presents him with issues which are unusually fine and difficult to judge. Recourse is had to more than one umpire. But the audience and the players alike feel bound to protest against particular decisions. Coaches have been known to walk on to the field to argue. I was at a match where the umpire's car was bounced and police were called in to protect him.

The interesting thing is that until altercation gets quite out of hand it is looked on as a normal part of the game. Sometimes opposing players will stop a game, Achilles-like, to right an individual wrong. Single combats are stopped, but the fact that the champions are neither disapproved of by the audience nor thereafter forbidden the field shows that these actions are not regarded in the least as we should regard them. I have the impression, on the contrary, that they are generally applauded and on this ground—that personal injustice is expected to produce in the American of mettle a Homeric sense of the indignity that is not to be borne.—*Third Programme*

The Reproach

Autumn has come: the waves
of wheat are cut: the harvester now mocks
all the living world but goodness,
autumn rites and plenitude. In his locks
there is a sheen of pride as if all wealth
were his. None the less,
he points at some poor shocks.

He wants to alter them.
Their wizened forms by some odd chance take pride
of place and dominate the view. How could
he know that justice sometimes works? Hands tied
the broken wisps of corn as if a gem
were there. At last they stood:
his gleaners stepped aside.

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A Revaluation of 'Don Quixote'

By ALEXANDER PARKER

THE new translation of *Don Quixote*, by Mr. J. M. Cohen*, makes excellent reading: it is in good modern English and preserves, on the whole very happily, both the fluency and the dignity of the style of the original. The translator's introduction, however, in my view is not a very good guide to the understanding of the work. It has this to tell us about Don Quixote himself:

... By the time of his final overthrow ... we are on his side against all the forces of reason and sanity. For his madness is something we all share, a fantastic protest against the limitations of worldly existence, which make us lend instant sympathy to the subtlest of all its critics, the comics who take its knocks ...

This remark is not developed. It hints, perhaps, at something a little deeper than the interpretation of *Don Quixote* that has been conventional for the last century-and-a-half; but it is, none the less, substantially the same. Ever since the Romantic period, Don Quixote has been looked upon as an idealist, battling nobly but vainly against the hostility of a commonplace world; a madman whose madness is sublime because it is a heroic protest against the prosaic meanness of everyday existence. I suggest that this Romantic interpretation is both wrong and altogether too simple to do justice to the subtlety of Cervantes' intentions.

Practical Jokes

Let us approach the work through its comedy. The comedy takes two main forms: first burlesque, in Don Quixote's extravagant attempts to act like a knight-errant; secondly practical jokes, of which Don Quixote and Sancho are the victims. The comedy of practical jokes constituted a well-established literary tradition. It has a certain poetic justice when the joke humbles a conceited man or frustrates an evil design, and when the laughter aroused rings in the victim's ears as retribution. In our novel, however, practical jokes take the form of a pretence that the victims, both Don Quixote and Sancho, take seriously and never see through; jokes that are intended by the perpetrators not as correction but as deception. Herein lies the key to the main theme of the book. The Spanish word for these jokes is *burla*. There is no single English word that can quite render the full meaning or convey the exact colour of *burla*. It means joke, frivolity, derision and deception all in one. Its opposite is *veras*, which means two things: truth and seriousness. These two words are constantly paired throughout *Don Quixote*: following its central thread we pass from one *burla* to another, and against these frivolous jokes and mocking deceptions there is all the time set up the standard of seriousness and truth.

The book is a satire on the novels of chivalry. Every time the novels are directly attacked it is because they are untrue. Yet Don Quixote believes them to be true. In modelling his life upon them he is therefore modelling it upon untruth. He goes through the world transposing reality, transforming inns into castles, windmills into giants, and so on. Beneath this level of untruth there lies a deeper and more serious one. While he has a noble ideal—to further justice and defend the wronged and ill-treated—he lamentably fails to achieve it. All through the first part of the novel Don Quixote, despite his fine qualities and lofty ideals, is in practice nothing less than a social menace. He attacks, injures and often nearly kills harmless travellers; he sets dangerous criminals free. This disparity between his professed aim and his actual achievements is due to the fact that his ideal has been learned in untruth. Not only did the novels of chivalry present the ideal of justice in terms remote from reality; they also identified the service of justice with a distorted view of heroism; for them the knight-errant was a superman, a glorified Jack-the-Giant-Killer; they failed to witness to truth by making the service of justice synonymous with record-breaking. Misled by these romances, Don Quixote abandons the quiet life of a country gentleman in order to turn himself into a superman by righting the wrongs of the world. He acquires immeasurable self-conceit, and his professed altruism is directed only to furthering his vision of unbounded fame. It is only here, where his ambition and vanity are concerned, that he is mad; in every other respect he is remarkably lucid. Thus his hallucinations are at bottom moral rather than pathological: he fails to see the

truth of external reality because, by preferring vainglory to humility, he has overturned the inner truth of human nature. He tilts against windmills externally because he is tilting against them internally. The whole of Part I represents his decline into the folly of megalomania. When at the end he is tricked into believing that he is enchanted and allows himself to be brought home quietly in a wagon, this is in one sense no more than he deserves.

In another sense, however, it is more than he deserves, at any rate from other men. For to know the truth depends not only upon knowing oneself but also, and primarily, upon the testimony and behaviour of others. Man is a social being, and he has the right to demand that society teach him the truth. In this respect the novels of chivalry played Don Quixote false; that is why they are bad literature. Do his fellow-men serve Don Quixote any better? The full answer to this question comes in Part II; the ground is, however, prepared in Part I. Here we find people who encourage Don Quixote in his delusions in order to enjoy the fun. Even the Barber and the Priest are among them. But these two, at the same time as they enjoy Don Quixote's extravagances, also feel compassion for him, and their ultimate aim is the proper one of restoring him to sanity. They humour Don Quixote usually with the best intentions, but in so doing they play with truth and consequently defeat their own ends.

This aspect of the theme is given prominence in Part II. Here there is a progressive decline in the moral stature of those who have the opportunity, and therefore the duty, of influencing Don Quixote. The Barber and the Priest retire into the background to make way for a new character, the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco; a man who, because he is a representative of the world of learning, should be a teacher of truth; but though he is described as 'of great intelligence' he is also presented as being fond of *burlas*, of joking untruth. He so delights in the folly of knight and squire that he deliberately encourages them in their conceited opinion of themselves and urges them to sally forth again. Ultimately his intentions are good, for he devises the ingenious expedient of disguising himself as a knight-errant in order to defeat Don Quixote and so compel him to stay at home. At the same time, he greatly enjoys his ridiculous play-acting. He falls a victim, however, to his own folly by unexpectedly suffering defeat. And that truth cannot be trifled with is shown by the fact that the joke defeats its own ends, since it makes it still further difficult for Don Quixote to see the truth. When the latter uncovers the face of the defeated and unconscious knight he cries out: 'Come here, Sancho, and look at what you must see and not believe'. Between Don Quixote and the truth a barrier has been interposed. For how is it possible that the defeated knight can be the Bachelor? 'Let us be reasonable, Sancho', said Don Quixote. 'Think now how is it conceivable that the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco should have come to fight with me as a knight-errant? ... Have I ever, by any chance, been his enemy? Have I ever given him reason to bear me a grudge?' Is not Don Quixote being perfectly reasonable in assuming that his own friends are reasonable and honourable? Is not this once more the work of an enchanter who is making things appear to be what they are not?

Creating Delusions

In this way Cervantes proceeds subtly to transform and invert his theme. At the beginning it was the magic power of Don Quixote's own conceit that perverted truth and tried to make things be what they were not. Later it was others who provided the enchantment by fostering Don Quixote's delusions. Now, by carrying joking a stage further, Don Quixote's fellow-men are no longer fostering his delusions, they are creating them. And, in the process, folly is being shifted away from Don Quixote. Thomas Cecial, the Bachelor's pretended squire, says to the mock knight when he recovers consciousness: 'Don Quixote's mad and we're sane. Yet he gets off sound and smiling, while your worship comes off bruised and sorrowful. So, let's consider now which is the madder, the man who's mad because he can't help it, or the man who's mad by choice'.

Worse examples of people who are mad by choice are then presented

in the Duke and Duchess. They carry practical joking to the stage where it no longer has the partial excuse of a good intention. Sancho once says of Sampson Carrasco that he is 'a person bachelored by Salamanca, at the very least, and the likes of him can't lie excepting only when they've a fancy to, or when it's greatly to their advantage'. Of all these persons in the novel who lie singly because they have a fancy to do so, the Duke and Duchess are the most shameless. Frankly intent on their own amusement—finding, as Cervantes remarks, more pleasure in joking deception than in truth—they have no scruples in enjoying themselves by mocking at the weakness of a madman and the credulity of a peasant. These two are made to pass through a phantasmagoria of heartless jokes in which reality is overturned and in which, biggest lie of all, Sancho is transformed into the Governor of Barataria. Faced with incontrovertible evidence that Tosilos is in fact the lackey and Trifaldi the steward, Don Quixote refuses to believe his eyes. To do so would be to fall, as he says, into 'a palpable contradiction', since it would mean attributing deceit and even villainy to the Duke, who, being a noble and an honourable gentleman, cannot lie. Again enchantment is the only reasonable explanation; again his fellow-men stand between Don Quixote and truth. And this honourable gentleman and his honourable wife are explicitly condemned by Cervantes as themselves mad for mocking at the mad.

At the end Don Quixote, ostensibly the honoured guest of another honourable gentleman, Don Antonio, is made by his host to parade through the streets of Barcelona with a placard on his back in order to excite the derisive amusement of the crowd. Part of the irony of the book lies in the fact that it is by mockery such as this that Don Quixote receives the fame and acclamation that at the beginning, with vainglorious confidence, he had set out to win. But there is also a deeper irony, for in the novel only those characters have wholeheartedly delighted in the comedy of Don Quixote's career who have shown themselves totally insensitive to the pathos of human folly and oblivious to the dignity of human nature, a dignity that deserves courtesy and respect even in a madman. They lower a human being to the level of a performing animal in a circus. But now it is they who are mad, and Don Quixote himself who, in and through his unconscious humiliation, vindicates the dignity of human nature. We are not, as Mr. Cohen says, 'on his side against all the forces of reason and sanity'. We are on his side against the forces of frivolity and derision. But reason and sanity remain to be upheld.

Don Quixote is to be finally delivered from the enchantment of untruth, and this deliverance is prepared by many subtle gradations. As his fellow-men sink deeper into folly, he rises to sanity—a rise that is at the same time a descent from the heights of his quixotic pride to a humble recognition of reality. In Part II he suffers and does not inflict suffering; his self-confidence declines into depression of spirit; his defence of his life becomes freed from the taint of selfish ambition, and is finally marked by humility. Seeing the statues of four saints, he compares his ideal with theirs, but contrasts his methods. The recovery of sanity on his death-bed marks the final defeat of his quixotic spirit. But this is no mere conventional ending to satisfy the requirements of the literary satire: it is the vindication of truth over untruth. 'May my sincere repentance restore your former esteem for me' is how Mr. Cohen renders Don Quixote's remark to those who stand by his bed, but what Cervantes made him say was 'my repentance and my *truth*'. The tales on which he had modelled his life were, he now sees, indeed true (again Mr. Cohen just misses the emphasis by rendering 'true' as 'real')—but true only in the harm they had done him. And he continues: 'I feel, sirs, that I am rapidly dying. Stop your fooling, and bring me a priest to confess me . . . for in such extremities as this a man must not jest with his soul'. Fooling and jest—*burlas*, frivolous untruth. The whole of Don Quixote's career has been an untruth and the occasion for untruths. Thanks to bad literature, thanks to his own conceit, thanks also to the heartless frivolity of his fellow-men, truth and seriousness have been difficult to learn. Men, for a variety of selfish reasons, are all too prone to pervert truth and to trifle with life. But: 'A man must not jest with his soul'.

Sancho fits perfectly into the theme of the novel, for he, on his different level, parallels exactly his master's descent into folly and his rise again to sanity. Misled by untruth, by the belief that he is fit to become a governor, Sancho quits reality to follow Don Quixote into a realm of phantasmagoria. He too becomes an artful joker and deceiver, playing with truth. At first he embarks on lying with some excuse, but an innocent lie leads to another less innocent, and Sancho comes to find pleasure in the game. But his deceptions are the cause of his being

himself deceived. The climax of his ambition, his governorship, is one huge lie; but in it, through suffering and humiliation, Sancho becomes disenchanted. Seeing through the deceitfulness of men and the vanity of ambition, he learns the truth, learns to repudiate quixotism:

I was not born to be a governor. . . . St. Peter is well at Rome: I mean that everyone is best practising the trade for which he was born. . . . Here in this stable I will leave the ant wings that carried me up into the air for the martins and other birds to peck at. Let us come back to earth and steady walking. . . . Every ewe to her mate, and let no one stretch his leg more than the length of his sheet.

—Third Programme

The Sultan of Morocco

(continued from page 487)

Juin, the Resident General, other French authorities and the diplomatic corps, we all moved towards the entrance of the throne room. The long hall with its carved columns and walls covered with mosaics, was empty save for three figures at the far end. The throne in the centre was occupied by the Sultan dressed all in white with the traditional white hood over his head. Behind him on either side were standing his two young sons, Prince Moulay Hassan and Prince Abdullah, both in dark clothes. Quite instinctively all the guests paused for a moment or two before advancing and making their bows towards the throne.

When finally all were assembled and I looked round, I could not help thinking that we Europeans, even the generals and admirals covered in gold-braid and glittering decorations, and the foreign diplomats in morning coat and top hat, looked a pretty unhandsome lot in comparison with the Moors in their toga-like white garments, with their impassive faces and eyes that, without ever wandering, yet seemed to perceive everything about them. Not one face betrayed any emotion during General Juin's speech or the Sultan's answer, nor when the British Consul General, as doyen of the diplomatic corps, transmitted the good wishes of the foreign powers.

It was not until an hour later that for the first time I saw the lifting of this mask of inscrutability. When all the French and other foreign guests had departed, and I could bask in the glory of being the only European present, we moved into one of the inner courtyards festooned with banners in the national colours of red and green. Above, there was a radiant blue sky, and from the palace roofs came the chirruping of birds. But within the snow-white courtyard there was complete silence. In his speech the Sultan revealed his full statesmanship by preaching moderation and patience in the political crisis that was just then beginning. Throughout the speech the listeners preserved silence or, if I may use the term, silent animation; but the expression on every face revealed unashamedly the affection in which he was held by the great pashas and powerful caids, by the learned doctors of Islamic law from the ancient cities and the tribal sheikhs from the wilds of the distant Atlas mountains. Compared with the intensity of that silent veneration, the applause at the end of the speech seemed a hardly audible whisper.

The Day of the Throne did not end with the Sultan's speech. In the afternoon the palace garden was thrown open to some 2,000 guests, among whom I noticed many young Moors too poor to replace their workaday clothes by something better suited for the festive occasion. The Sultan's democratic leanings are certainly not theoretical, and it is especially the young who look up to him. No speeches were made during the afternoon, which was given over to enjoyment of delightful Moorish pastries, concocted from almonds and honey; of soft drinks, the national beverage of mint tea, and, above all, *orgeat*, made from crushed almonds, sugar and the juice of orange blossoms.

After nightfall I went into the native quarters of the town. Their main streets had been transformed into open-air cafés. Even if you had not a penny in your pocket Moorish hospitality saw to it that you would not be left out of the general feasting. Someone would invite you to the traditional three cups of mint tea and as many almond pastries as you could accommodate. Though I spent half the night wandering through the streets, I did not come across a single example of rowdiness. But then, if the Day of the Throne is meant to be primarily a feast of the Sultan, in actual fact it is a national festival in which a whole nation reminds itself that at one time its culture and civilisation were the envy of the whole western world. Evidently, together with their king, the Moors are hoping that they may yet revive their former glories, and the Day of the Throne is their brief season for remembrance of things past and for dedication to a worth-while future.—Home Service

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Pavlov; a Biography. By B. P. Babkin. Gollancz. 25s.

THE AUTHOR GIVES US an excellent account of a great scientist and a great Russian. Pavlov was a man who believed that science alone could save mankind. 'Only science', he wrote, 'exact science about human nature itself, and the most sincere approach to it by the aid of the omnipotent scientific method, will deliver man from his present gloom, and will purge him of his contemporary shame in the sphere of international relations'. He died in 1936 and has therefore been spared the pain that he would undoubtedly have felt from the frustration of his hopes. Although always critical of the social doctrines and political methods of the Bolsheviks, he finally forgave them for their shortcomings on the score that they, at any rate, shared his confidence in science. They not only did not interfere with him, but even gave him facilities for the carrying on of his work. The Bolsheviks were far-sighted in doing this, for they are now able to apply to human beings Pavlov's methods of 'conditioning' and 'reconditioning' animals. But, as the author of this book tells us, what finally reconciled Pavlov to the new rulers of Russia was the fact that the Bolsheviks succeeded in saving a Russia rapidly disintegrating after the first World War. Pavlov dearly loved his native land and believed, as so many of his countrymen do, that Russia had been given a world mission.

In the first half of his biography Dr. Babkin paints a life-like picture of Pavlov the man, and since he knew him for thirty-five years, and for ten of these worked as his assistant, no one is better equipped to do this. He had the same unbounded enthusiasm for science as his teacher and an immense admiration for the latter. We hear of Pavlov's complete scientific sincerity and integrity, and also of his outbursts of temper whenever his assistants bungled their work, for in spite of Babkin's admiration and affection for the great man, he gives a very convincing and objective picture of him. In the second half of his biography he provides us with an equally good account of Pavlov's work on the digestive glands, the regulation of the circulation of the blood, and on conditioned reflexes.

This is a well-written and sincere book which will be of particular interest to those who are possessed of sufficient scientific knowledge to be able to appreciate the importance of Pavlov's work. But even to those who are without this knowledge Babkin's biography will be of interest, for Pavlov was the last of that brilliant coterie of writers, dramatists, musicians and scientists born in Russia during the second half of the last century. He, like them, belongs to a world which has entirely disappeared.

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By Maurice Petherick.

Hollis and Carter. 30s.

The English rogue, like the Spanish *picaro*, has long been of interest to the social historian, and a whole literature, for which F. W. Chandler's *Literature of Roguery* (1907) provided a bibliography, commemorates the 'kynchen coves', the 'priggers of prancers' and the 'Tom o' Bedlams' who once enlivened our highways. Their careers, each a struggle of wits against the ramparts of stolid, respectable society, usually mingled pathos with humour, and often ended on the scaffold; they were the down-and-outs who never lost their audacity or individuality. From a record of the authentic doings of such

characters, the literary man, in the later seventeenth century, naturally turned to an imaginative account of their exploits, in which all the resources of verisimilitude were employed, and the Popish Plot provided a great incentive to this type of literature, for the age of Oates and Bedloe revealed the enormous potentialities of prevarication. It remained only for a genius like Defoe to elevate the rogue into a literary type and the untrue into a literary technique. Previously novelists had prided themselves on the virtues of their heroes and the authenticity of their achievements, but at last it was realised that the general reader is more interested in sin, and does not object to a lie, provided it is well told. Thus the modern crime story was born.

Mr. Petherick's book is well illustrated and includes an elaborate apparatus of references to contemporary sources; moreover it is written with modesty, discretion and clarity. But his choice of rogues is open to serious objection. He includes Colonel Blood (a real rogue) who, among other escapades, burgled the crown jewels in the Tower; William Bedloe and Thomas Dangerfield who figured in the Popish Plots; Edward Fitzharris, an *agent provocateur* who acted as spy on the Whigs; Ralph Montagu, who revealed to the House of Commons Danby's treasonable correspondence with Louis XIV, and Barbara Palmer, one of Charles II's mistresses. Of the last two, one became a duke and the other a duchess; both may have been immoral and unscrupulous, but they were obviously too exalted for the almost homely epithet 'rogue', which often implies, in the person using the term, a certain tolerance of humour and vagary.

Of the others in Mr. Petherick's selection all, except Blood, were just dull, bad men, with nothing in their lives to stimulate the sympathy of the reader, and hardly enough to retain even his interest. After all, the true rogue is easily distinguishable from the criminal, the villain and the adulteress; nor does a coronet necessarily make sin interesting, except to those who revel in society gossip. The result is that in this book we have what amounts to little more than an account of the seamy side of Charles II's reign. Unfortunately also Mr. Petherick's references to original sources are rendered useless by the almost complete absence of page or folio numbers; indeed references such as 'Barrillon', 'Stowe Mss' and 'Danby Letters' are, as they stand, practically meaningless. But at least Mr. Petherick is one of the few English writers who spell the name Barrillon correctly.

The Villa Diana. By Alan Moorehead.

Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

The Villa Diana is a fifteenth-century villa near Fiesole to which, in 1948, Mr. Moorehead and his family retired. It had once been the home of Poliziano, the humanist and friend of Lorenzo de Medici, and this led Mr. Moorehead to collect material for a book about him. But at the same time he was making sorties from the villa to various parts of Italy, writing his experiences in a series of articles in the *New Yorker*. Most of *The Villa Diana* consists of these articles, which, like most of Mr. Moorehead's work, take reporting to that pitch of excellence where it borders on art. For he is frankly a reporter, observing, gathering information and presenting it all in a manner in which his own voice is usually absent. To write journalism of this class requires a discipline and an economical prose style, and it is precisely by the lack of adornment in his style that Mr. Moorehead gets his effects. When he describes the Paho at

Siena he makes no attempt to convey the hysterical excitement of the occasion by heightened, impressionistic writing. The effect comes over by a sort of *pointillisme*—the careful placing, one by one, of observed details.

But occasionally Mr. Moorehead does allow himself to penetrate a little deeper, and the excellence of such passages seems to suggest that if he wished Mr. Moorehead could make the leap from fine reporting to the personal vision of 'life itself' in another country which would be required of the 'artist'. At the moment he seems not to be using his imagination at its fullest stretch. In the final section of the book he has turned to a form of literature which does not suit his talent at all—the short 'Life'. The Poliziano material was sufficient for no more than this long essay, in which the story of his life is told plainly, detachedly and well. At the end one says politely 'How very interesting'; but all the qualities required by the form are missing—the analytical bite, the point of view and, in this particular case, the scholarship and knowledge of the period. Among documents there is nothing to flick Mr. Moorehead's gifted eye into action.

Mr. Osbert Lancaster's illustrations are amusing but it was a pity he did not illustrate some of the excellent 'scenes' in the book.

The Destruction and Resurrection of Pompeii and Herculaneum

By Egan Caesar Conte Corti.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

Count Corti has in effect written a history of Pompeii and Herculaneum from their beginnings to the present day. It was a good idea to treat in this comprehensive fashion a subject that is in parts so familiar, for the chronological arrangement not only gives unity, but brings into the light and into a proper setting much that is interesting, moving, amusing and far from familiar.

Oscan origin, Greek infiltration, Samnite conquest and eventual Romanisation—this is the background against which he sketches a vivid picture of the two prosperous little towns, Pompeii a port and commercial centre, Herculaneum a fishing-village and pleasure-resort, on the slopes of a vine-clad mountain far different in its conical profile from that which we know today. Despite minor signs of volcanic activity in the neighbourhood, and traces of major convulsions long past, no one had an inkling of the immense destructive power which lay under that fertile soil; but in A.D. 63 there was an earthquake so devastating that, although we cannot assess the loss of life, the damage was such as to raise doubts whether the two towns were worth rebuilding. The reconstruction which did take place was incomplete when, on August 23 in the year 79, the great eruption occurred.

This complex horror of earthquakes and volcanic explosions, intense darkness, thunder and lightning, tidal waves, hail of ashes, dense fumes, torrential rain, avalanche of mud (repeated in 1631 with the loss of four thousand lives) buried Pompeii under a steady rain of hot volcanic stones and dust which had been thrown to an enormous height by the eruption, whilst Herculaneum was overwhelmed by a torrent of mud which streamed down from the newly-formed crater of Vesuvius towards the coast. The threat to Herculaneum was so obvious that the inhabitants fled as fast as they could and thus mostly survived, whilst in Pompeii they were inclined to linger, either in the hope that things might get better or to collect their belongings:

there, it is calculated, about two thousand perished. The eruption died down on the second day, although utter darkness persisted owing to the vast pall of ash and smoke: on the third day, when daylight broke through, Herculaneum had disappeared under forty feet of mud (since hardened to stone) whilst of Pompeii only the few buildings more than twenty feet high rose here and there from the layer of ashes. When restoration was seen to be impossible the town was used as a quarry, so that after a time everything projecting above the surface disappeared. Weeds grew, soil accumulated, cultivation began, and finally the site merged into the surrounding countryside.

This, one of the most widely-known events in the history of the world, cannot be described in any strikingly new fashion, but Corti's account, which introduces descriptions of many of the buildings and works of art, reads freshly, is well-balanced, and rarely fails to distinguish between archaeological inference and fantasy.

It is difficult to realise how long and how completely the two cities disappeared from the knowledge of mankind. The rest of the book is devoted to their re-discovery—Herculaneum in 1738, Pompeii not until 1763—and their excavation, first by treasure-seekers, then by those with a genuine interest in antiquity but with haphazard or destructive methods, and finally by archaeologists using the scientific modern technique whereby both buildings and the objects in them are preserved, when possible, together.

It is this part which will be least familiar, and readers will be absorbed by a view of the European scene from an unusual angle. Ferdinand, the irresponsible young Bourbon king of Naples, will be new to many, as will the reign there of Napoleon's ex-marshal Murat and the active interest in the sites shown by his wife Caroline, Napoleon's sister. Many may have heard of the dramatic murder of Winckelmann on his way back to Italy in 1769, and of the visit of Goethe with his party, which inspired his remark that there had been much evil in the world, but very little that had given so much delight to posterity: and will know, even if vaguely, the part played by William Hamilton; but how many know that Alexandre Dumas, the novelist, once had charge of the excavations?

Matthew Arnold: Poems

Selected and introduced by Clifford Dymont. Grey Walls Press. 3s. 6d.

What has Mr. Dymont's pleasing little selection to present? In the first place, perhaps, a true poetic melancholy, a failure to write the poetry it wants to write, or to seize hold of the real world. The poet ruminates and delights in his landscape, but the landscape lacks meaning, the thought lacks substance. And this is the peculiar charm of Arnold the poet, as of certain other accomplished minor poets: the charm of an author who for all we know has never in his life broken through to the essence of an object: the charm of a pensive dream of appearance, on a sustained poetic tour. The eyes of the Scholar Gipsy are 'dark vague eyes,' his air a 'soft abstracted air'. And the poignancy of Arnold is that of a man of exceptional vigour of mind, capable as a critic of admiring the penetration of experience of others; incapable himself, as a poet, of penetration. 'Dover Beach', one of his most beautiful pieces, and here reprinted by Mr.

Dymont, speaks of the 'eternal note of sadness' of the sea—

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

We 'find also in the sound a thought': but we do not, even here, get beyond the sound, and beneath the thought, to the groundswell in which 'sound' and 'thought' are one. That is why Mr. Dymont, in his rather hasty introduction, is



Plaster cast of the watch-dog of the fuller, Vesovius Primus, which was chained up and choked in the ashes

From 'Pompeii and Herculaneum'

prudent to appreciate what he calls the 'quality of incompleteness' of Arnold's verse. It is a pitiable weakness of the spirit, and here as a warning. Stanzas of 'The Scholar Gipsy', beside the ode of Keats which they recall, show the poet of absolute sensation, capable of complete absorption, complete abandonment to the object, beside the gentle errant soul picking fancies.

We must grant the poet Matthew Arnold so much reality, if not quite so much self-knowledge. He remains 'wandering between two worlds', a not-to-be-forgotten person in the 'compound ghost' of 'Little Gidding'. At moments by candle-light, at a silence in the senior combination-room, we can still feel his presence. We still search ineffectually for the 'buried stream', even if we can now call it the 'hidden waterfall'.

Jealousy in Children: A Guide for Parents. By Edmund Ziman.

Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

To psychiatrists who are regularly seeing difficult children and their parents, a new popular book for parents about how to bring up their offspring causes despondency. For nobody can learn how to bring up their children from books; and at all critical moments, the only ones that matter to the psychiatrist, parents react according to established emotional patterns, the bases of which were laid down in their own childhood. Yet books about children and parents are useful to many people who get mental stimulus, interest and help from them.

Jealousy in Children is clearly written and though jealousy is the central theme it contains more than the somewhat hackneyed title suggests. Its underlying idea is that parents should allow themselves to follow their instincts and not obstruct the natural emotional ties which exist anyway between them and their children.

To this proposition there is an important corollary: parents, and mothers in particular, need not follow the theories about habits, disciplines, training and the like in order to help children to grow up into self-reliant adults.

Within his wider frame of reference Dr. Ziman says that jealousy and aggression are best expressed and handled in the open—a sensible thesis. Both phenomena are part of growing up and so long as there is real love in the home, no danger of the child becoming permanently jealous or aggressive need be feared; indeed quite the reverse. This needs any amount of re-stating.

To add to the interest there are occasional illuminating ideas of a more general nature. For instance, Dr. Ziman goes into the reasons for the barbarous practice of conditioning children not to scream by leaving them alone to go on, screaming till they are exhausted; he is led to the interesting reflection that this practice is closely related to what we, in this country, called the 'women's movement'.

With the reservation that all such books are too simple and contain wrong statements, overstatements and oh! such wonderful cures, this book is a good one and can be confidently recommended.

Chaucer the Maker

By John Speirs.

Faber. 12s. 6d.

In Geoffrey Chaucer, if in any single poet, is the fullness of what it means to be alive in medieval Christendom. We have English Chaucer, English in a sense complete in Chaucer, as it is fulfilled in Shakespeare, Chaucer containing, it seems, a beginning of all later English poetry and fiction, not omitting the great tea-parties of the drama and the novel. And we have Chaucer the European. Do not trouble your hearts about the supposed 'difficulty' of his language: simply read him. You will find that he is gentle. You will see the essence and value of one great English community from the thirteenth century even till now. You will see a unity in the surprising contradictions of a Canterbury pilgrimage, as all our distinctions of dialect, our rich local variations of culture, compose England. You will discover again, or for the first time, that the reasonable mind is also the religious mind, which is the mind of the civilisation of Dante, and of Chaucer, and of Shakespeare. And this is the source of Chaucerian joy: so he could face things gone dead in his own age. 'A society which could be expected to be made thus sensitively aware of what was evil in itself', remarks Mr. Speirs of the audience attending to a poem of Chaucer, 'is a profoundly healthy society'.

This is a very wise saying, which needs to be said, and heard, and known for our own time, if we wish to remain Englishmen. It is as wise as many of those generalisations of Mr. Speirs' which we have repeated. But it is like him that he should be even wiser in particular comparison, in the comment upon a verse. Beside Chaucer's *courteysye*, the celebrated eighteenth-century 'politeness' he pronounces a matter of external deportment. *Courteysye* is a 'more spiritual quality; it proceeds, perhaps, from some English conjunction of the courtly tradition and medieval Christian tradition, as Dante's from a corresponding Italian conjunction (*O anima cortese Mantovana*). By his own fine tact George Herbert found something like it when he wrote a poem 'in which God is the perfect considerate host, "sweetly questioning if

I lacked anything". That is beautifully true, as true as Mr. Speirs' understanding that 'tolerance', so easily a comfortable description for the morally complacent, is not the same as Chaucerian charity or benignity. And here we may distinguish two critical virtues of this book: a serious interest in literature, and genuine sensitiveness to language. These are advantages rare in any event, but, by some perverse medieval fortune, apparently withheld from nearly every author who has set himself to praise our greatest medieval poet. Mr. Speirs can take a few lines about a cat and a mouse from the 'Manciple's Tale' and observe, convincingly, that the wit of La Fontaine is not more sophisticated. He can produce what is probably the most intelligent comment upon Chaucer's self-portraits that has yet been made. He can remark perceptively on a number of points of technique, on the use of allegory or terms of theology or on metrical experiment, which are usually discussed with very little understanding of their purpose. And, with the clear criterion of vigour of English speech, he can find his way about 'Troilus and Criseyde' without encumbrance, and leave himself with enough presence of mind to understand the conclusion of the whole matter.

Yet we should be unjust to *Chaucer the Maker* if we ignored faults open to very severe criticism by those who are blind to its merits. Mr. Speirs is inclined to despise scholars without taking the preliminary precaution of mastering their scholarship. It is true there is much learning that does not help us in the least to understand poetry: the biographers and social historians, for instance, have done almost everything except the one thing we want them to do, which is to answer our questions about the conversation and mind of Chaucer's circle. For his part, even on such large problems as the order of the 'Canterbury Tales', the relation of tales and tellers, and the development of the English language itself, Mr. Speirs is so very careless or indifferent as to invite the charge of ignorance. This is unfortunate, much more unfortunate than what seem to the present reader oddities or inadequacies of judgment upon the 'Parliament of Birds', the 'House of Fame', the 'Legend of Good Women', the opening of the Canterbury 'Prologue', the person of the Wife of Bath, or the tales of the Knight and Friar. We have heard that a man must be slightly eccentric in taste to have any taste at all. The trouble is that the clerks will not allow us to make out what Chaucer is worth until we have passed their examinations. Mr. Speirs, being freed from any anxiety to make a show of his knowledge, may seem to know less than he does.

There remains that slippery fish the 'general reader', who will find this author enticing when he is most vague, inclined to bite off matters too sharply, or to thrust them like indigestible lumps of gristle in the middle of a sentence. He has not sweated over his baits. He has often left his admirable quotations to speak for themselves, has sometimes fussed too much, or concluded too much from isolated verses, and has not minded if the result presents an appearance of jerkiness or discontinuity. One truth to be learnt from Chaucer, if not very easily from *Chaucer the Maker*, is that a single observed fact must be seen in the whole pattern, a pattern towards which the human mind can only feel its way. But we advise the stronger fish to bite here, rather than to be caught like minnows in modernisations of the 'Canterbury Tales'.

The Long Walk Home. By Peter Medd. John Lehmann. 10s. 6d.

Although Peter Medd was a prisoner of war in Italy and his book is an account of his escape and his walk down the length of Italy to the British lines, one does not need to read it as a

war story; as such its adventures would be comparatively mild, but read as a book of travel under special circumstances it is highly interesting. Medd and his companion, Frank Simms, were forced to keep away from main roads, and their route usually led across olive groves, rough mountain paths or vineyards. Neither knew Italy, and so this first introduction was to those parts which the more ordinary traveller, intent on art and architecture, rarely sees. They met, too, Italian peasants—ate with them, slept in their barns and were able to find them, like any other peasant community, usually kind, sometimes repid in their welcome, occasionally suspicious and unwelcoming. The rural standard of education continually amazed them; more than once, because the British had been fighting in Egypt, their hosts presumed that England was in the vicinity of Egypt.

Peter Medd's day-to-day account of their progress south is well and quietly written, with considerable feeling for the changing atmosphere of the landscape. When they break through from the Apennines to the Umbrian plain one is conscious, in the style, of the liberation from the mountains—and that is something which only a writer of talent can achieve. It is thus a loss that Medd should have been killed so soon after rejoining the Fleet Air Arm. He did not live long enough to complete the book, which is finished by Captain Simms, in a style of the same quiet observation.

Haydn, His Art, Times and Glory By H. E. Jacob. Gollancz. 18s.

Now that the Haydn Society of Boston, Mass., has undertaken the work left unfinished by Mandyczewski's ill-fated *Gesamtausgabe*, new study of Haydn becomes possible. We have long needed a complete edition, comparable to that of the *Bachgesellschaft*. Equally necessary is a definitive biography. Pohl is out of date, and needs an Abert to revise, or a Schweitzer to supplant his work. The best book on the composer available in England is Rosemary Hughes' recent volume in the 'Master Musicians' series, with Geiringer's study as a second choice. Both of these set out to give as well a lucid account of the music. Mr. Jacob is more concerned with the Times and the Glory than with the Art. Indeed he says so; he 'is convinced that the life and character of Haydn—that ordered life and pedestrian character—have always been somehow more amazing than the music'. After echoing Beethoven's surprise ('How could so great a man spring from this barn?') he professes to show how the music sprang from the life.

All biographies of Haydn have a tendency to resolve into more or less familiar anecdotes, undocumented by the teller—Haydn and the flour-bin, Haydn cutting off the pigtail, and so on. Mr. Jacob, being a writer of 'imaginative biography', goes much further than most. He invents scenes where the choirboy 'walked shyly down the vast, main aisle of the cathedral, where bright light never fell'; where the young composer, going upstairs to his apartment in the Altes Michaelerhaus, meets Metastasio coming down 'in his embroidered jacket, buckle shoes and fawn-coloured waistcoat'. There is a great deal about cows, and about 'the animal basis upon which, in the final analysis, man's existence is founded'. Haydn watches Burgenland cows slobbering water from the trough beside the sleepy, squeaky Hungarian draw-well; geese cluster to snap at the bees humming by; butterflies blunder into the game of shuttlecock played by the Archduke Josef beneath the summer sky.

Haydn the Man is drawn in romantic wish-wash. For instance: 'The deluge of operas', says Mr. Jacob (six in ten years), 'could not be explained simply by the requirements of

Haydn's position in the palace of Esterhazy. Some personal experience must have been behind it.

This something that I cannot name
I feel within my bosom flame

Tamino sings in Mozart's "Magic Flute".

Can this mystery be love?

It was, Master Haydn was in love—for the first time in his life. In his increasing age, we are told later, Haydn's relationship to women tended towards a surreptitious Don Juanness; he treated them as he scored his symphonies, passing the tune from one instrument to another. Yet the reader must not be deterred; Ernest Newman has called the book 'the fullest, most reliable and in every way most readable of Haydn lives'. And the social scene it presents tallies pretty closely with Joseph von Eichendorff's picture in his *Life of the German Nobility at the Close of the Eighteenth Century*.

What readers will miss most in the book is any serious consideration of the music—whether related to the life or not. It means nothing to say that the instruments of Haydn's symphonies 'were not to act out a drama; they were to narrate, to weave a tale'. Both the keyboard music and the operas are under-rated. General *aperçus* are equally wrong-headed: 'Polyphony sometimes fills out in music the role that is assigned to psychology in literature'. It is high time that someone wrote a study to show how Haydn revolutionised orchestral structure by abolishing the *continuo*. Tovey has laid out the lines for this; and as early as 1785, when Haydn entered the Masonic Order, in the official address at his initiation, Josef von Holzmeister declared him 'the inventor of a new order of things in the orchestra'. Mr. Jacob quotes this without realising its implications. But then in his book we must expect precious little of music criticism, or musicology. Until the full-scale *Life* appears, serious readers would do well to stick to Miss Hughes.

A Short History of the Second World War. By Strategicus. Faber. 16s.

'Strategicus' produced during the Second World War a series of eight volumes of a type of literature as welcome and praiseworthy as it must in the nature of things be ephemeral: contemporary narrative of military operations. Perhaps we should qualify the adjective ephemeral by remarking that sometimes when we turn later to work of this kind we find in it material, particularly as to opinion, neglected by the historian with all the facts at his disposal. Now, with a considerable amount of revision in the process, he has neatly compressed all this into the span of a single volume roughly corresponding in size to its predecessors. It starts with a very brief but interesting preface, in which Mr. Stalin plays a part almost as sinister as that of Hitler, while the British Government, and still less the Labour Opposition, do not escape condemnation. In general 'Strategicus' takes a right-wing view, but not an extreme one.

The result is a most competent book which should be valuable to those—the great majority—who have been overwhelmed by the volume of facts and of writing about the war and have forgotten even such details as they once knew. There appear to be some passages where revision has not been carried out as far as it might have been, but a good deal of hard work has evidently been accomplished in this respect. An unusual but valuable feature to find in a short and popular book is a chronology running to some thirty pages. Maps must always be a problem in a short narrative of campaigns fought all over the world, but it may be said to have been solved here about as well as it could be without inordinate expense.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Special Occasions

BATTLING WITH SPINDRIFT and spume, and waltzed uncomfortably on the tide by unruly elements of wind and flood, the television cameras did good work at the ill-starred boat race. Unlike some of the spectators seen stumbling off the launches, they showed no tendency to flop with disappointment, but kept us actively interested in the crowds, the police benevolently managing them, a flotilla of bobbing swans, the drenched disembarking crews and, above all, in our superior situation as viewers of knowing a lot more about what had happened than most of the people there. It gave us a feeling of omniscience which may become one of television's greatest assets.

Powerful doubts, not all of them good-natured, have been expressed about the ability of the Festival of Britain organisers to have all ready on the day. Robert MacDermot's amiable stroll behind the scenes in 'Festival Backstage' was doubtless intended to be convincing on this point, which his gumboots made seem still more urgently relevant. MacDermot is a calming interviewer whose pleasantly relaxed style would be enhanced if he could develop a sufficiently incisive question technique in contrast. His evidently fair-minded desire to put the other person at ease too often convicts him of seeming to lack mental resource. The Director-General of the Festival, Gerald Barry, is highly gifted in that respect and one felt that MacDermot did not stimulate him sufficiently to prove it. Gerald Barry's genially disarming smile was perhaps, after all, the most reassuring part of the programme.

A great many viewers now know what it is like to serve on a jury, to experience the stresses of waiting to be called as a witness, to swear

by Almighty God, to bear a share of the responsibility for deciding another's fate. By deliberately setting out not to do so, 'Assize Court' succeeded in enmeshing us sentimentally in a trial for murder. We were the jury, the witnesses, the public in the gallery, small-part players in the unending drama of the layman v. the law. It was not necessarily a defect of the production that never for an instant were we made to feel that we



An assize court during a murder trial: scene in the last of the series 'The Course of Justice'. This was the biggest composite set ever used in television



Robert MacDermot showing papier-mâché models of Anglo-Saxons which will be exhibited in the 'Origin of the Peoples' pavilion on the South Bank. This was part of the programme 'Festival Backstage' televised on March 23.

were judge, counsel or police. Possibly more might have been done to persuade us to a sharper identification with the man in the dock. His loneliness there was exhibited to us in several effective pictures; his view of his pursuers closing in for the kill would have heightened a tension that was an imperative of the programme. Owing mainly to unusually competent script-writing, the 'Course of Justice' series has been one of the television successes of recent months. 'Assize Court' admirably rounded it off.

Among other recent viewing satisfactions the films of art masterpieces from Italy and Germany proved extremely tenacious in their hold upon the mind. Many viewers seeing them for the first time will have had visual shocks new in their experience. The film camera of Luciano Emmer



Still from one of three films televised last week: 'Paradise Lost', a film about the paintings by Hieronymus Bosch

has extracted with subtle reverence some of the narrative detail from famous paintings and endowed it with an astonishing emotional dynamic. Hieronymus Bosch's concept in 'Paradise Lost' of the winged monsters sent to assist in the expulsion from the Garden, for example, are revealed as a superbly ingenious act of the imagination. They haunt the memory with a persistence which confirms the validity of Emmer's unvoiced question: Do you look at pictures or merely see them? It has been charged that television has not so far impressively exerted itself in recognising the loftier aspirations of the human heart. Those Holy Week film presentations removed that point of criticism and demonstrated a commendable taste in doing so.

In spite of a restless camera and too many shots exposing space limitations that reflect the hampering common denominator of the present average screen size, the visual debut of 'Any Questions?' proved to be more successful than some of us thought it could be. Elton's fidgety impatience at the absence of elbow room, did he but know it, was amusing to watch. But we are not here to treat this programme as fun and will quickly add that its subject content was agreeably varied and healthily topical. We had Hill and Mikardo at it hammer-and-tongs over party manoeuvres in the House and, judging by the rapt audience expressions with which the camera obligingly confronted us, this was thought much to the point at Walthamstow. Why 'Any Questions?' should be stamped with the hall-mark of the genuine article while 'In The News', for instance, sometimes rings hollow, is one of those problems of production which happily it is no business of ours to solve.

Inheriting from Pickles the role of commentator-guide in 'Places with Problems', Colin Wills desired our company in his exploration of the new town of Crawley, Sussex, scene of a continuing dissonance between planners and the planned. Wills' personal style is not so ingratiating as Pickles'. An intimidating tone sometimes showed up in his voice, probably evoked by a natural and overriding wish to acquit himself well in this difficult first assignment. The two most effective contributions to the programme had a volition entirely their own. A contender for the rights of the older Crawley population, Mr. Percy Wales, gave us a display

of somehow pleasing obstinacy of sentiment and opinion. Sir Thomas Bennett, head of the corporation responsible for the new town, was convincing in exposition and at the same time not too blatantly authoritative; a masterly performance.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Absent Easter Egg

IN SOME WAYS it is a poor moment for radio drama—always excepting Miss Sayers' worthy Passion play which I think the B.B.C. wise not to overwork. We had those Cornish mysteries—'freely adapted by Terence Tiller' which is less intimidating than it sounds. I enjoyed 'The Resurrection' again for its affecting simplicity—even (or perhaps a little because) it came right on top of Henry Reed's 'Canterbury Cathedral' which was a finely imagined business, original, worth doing and only (as in his by-election piece the other day) just failing to spring the imagination all the time. This was far from simple. Otherwise I lighted on some barren patches; it is folly to try to enjoy 'Mr. Pitt's Niece' again and again. The life of Stephen Foster was one long cliché in phoney American, though those tunes would galvanise any programme, even 'The Critics', which I always think ought to have sound effects—wailing, drum beats, door slamming, etc.

I pounced eagerly on Eileen Hots' 'An Easter I Remember', remembering how well she had once recalled a north London childhood. This new piece she produced herself, and had in Jill Balcon the most loyal of interpreters. It was all the same a painful occasion. The attempted synthesis of Golgotha and Hampstead Heath was the sort of thing a poet may dare, or even a playwright with the lyrical afflatus of Sean O'Casey, but Miss Hots with the best will in the world simply made me go cold all over. Those who dare must, I fear, endure fierce criticism when the result is a failure. Better perhaps to 'have a go' than to feel the subject could not be treated on that level. But this was something of a formidable indelicacy. I hope, by the way, that it was heard by those who suddenly had cold feet about 'The Herne's Egg', for which a china dummy was substituted at the eleventh hour. Against all this, one must set the excellent 'Everyman', with Godfrey Kenton and some original if not memorable musical effects by John Hotchkiss.

Easter night brought one very real satisfaction: Turgenev's 'A Month in the Country', which I do not ever remember to have heard go so well. This is a maddening play in the theatre, a coarse place, where Turgenev's slightly ambiguous irony leaves the audience uncertain how to respond. Turgenev's irony is that of the novelist, not the dramatist—I believe that is the root of the trouble. What a relief then to have the delicate thing without the necessity for a strongly defined audience reaction—especially in the case of Natalya's sudden infatuation which is, or should be, and here for once was, neither pathetic nor ridiculous but... well, what is the word? Exquisite, elusive, indefinable study. Everyone is slightly damaged by the events, but Turgenev does not sit in judgment. Life, he implies quite truly, is like that; life and love. But it is all far less explicit, less warm-hearted, than in the so-similar situations in Chekhov, by way of whom we so often, and wrongly, approach the elder artist.

Of course one misses a great deal in a broadcast. One wants to see the cloud of annoyance pass over Raktin's face when Natalya speaks of him and herself as 'old'; and the expression alter in Natalya's eyes when she is quizzing her ward about the tutor. I do not think that inter-

view can be fully savoured by ear alone. But what advantages, all the same, are to be had! Where Turgenev just placed a relationship and said, 'Voilà', leaving his theatrical audience in the dark, the blind audience of the radio drama can be given a wink at just the right moment; a touch this way or that way from the narrator or adapter or producer and a positive opinion is established. It is not the dramatist's way; in fact it is the novelist's (Turgenev was a poor dramatist, but a great novelist) which bears out my contention that in essence the radio drama is or should be the novelist's field. The playing of Stephen Murray, Lydia Sherwood, Frank Partington and especially Peggy Bryan was a pleasure.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

Plain or Coloured

MY INTEREST IN PICTURES goes back further than I can remember and so when William Townsend in a first-rate talk on 'A Victorian Painter' uttered the name Sidney Cooper it rang a loud bell in my mind's ear, a dinner-bell in this case, and I was seated once again in the Victorian dining-room of a parental uncle watching him carve a noble sirloin of beef while the operation was supervised from the wall on his left by an immense portrait of a bull by Sidney Cooper. To any but a vegetarian the vision of so much beef in one room brings tears to the eyes and water to the mouth. But in a few years Sidney Cooper was ousted from my mind by the Pre-Raphaelites and then the whole company of the Italian Renaissance, and it was not until the Monday of last week that Sidney Cooper returned on the arm of Mr. Townsend.

He was born, I now learn, when Constable and Turner were in their twenties, and died, at the age of Titian, in the days of Walter Sickert, and although he was undeniably a painter, his pictures were wholly lacking in artistic interest. Why then should Mr. Townsend, himself an artist, occupy twenty minutes of the valuable time of himself, me, and the Third Programme in talking about him? Because, though an artistic nonentity, he was a historical phenomenon, and the fact that, in 1873, he sold 'The Monarch of the Meadows' for 2,000 guineas affords a fascinating, if discouraging, glimpse into a period of English social history. But there is one aspect of Cooper's career which I find very heartening. In all but artistic respects he seems to have been a worthy and benevolent fellow and it was by sheer industry and determination in the face of many disappointments that he rose from penury to affluence and, in his days of prosperity, founded a school to help others along the precarious path of painting. It would be a pretty piece of irony if the school were to produce an English Picasso.

To pass from Sidney Cooper to the Gilbert Islands is no easy transition, since Cooper was a master of the humdrum, while the Gilbert Islanders are, so I gather from Sir Arthur Grimble, adepts at magic. In three talks on three consecutive Sundays, the last of them last week, Sir Arthur, in the comfortable narrative manner of the born story-teller, described some disturbingly unaccountable tricks perpetrated by these charming and simple folk, which offer rich material for the social psychologist.

In 'Holy Week Readings' John Laurie read five fifteen-minute selections in prose and poetry, in two of which he was joined by Mary O'Farrell. The choice of selections, many from unfamiliar sources, was extraordinarily good; so, needless to say with two such readers, was the reading. If John Laurie sometimes trespasses, in reading lyrics, over that frontier on which I so stubbornly insist between the lyrical and the

dramatic, he does so with such conviction that my principles reel, and they came close to collapse when he and Mary O'Farrell split up one or two lyrics into duets for two voices, and read them so skilfully that the lyrical rhythm was unimpaired. Of course not even the most hard-boiled stickler can object in the case of a poem written as dialogue, and it is true that in a poem such as Rossetti's sonnet 'Youth's Antiphony', in which the octet is made up of brief phrases exchanged between a pair of lovers, it would be almost impossible for one reader to convey which of the two was speaking. In his 'Mary Magdalene', on the other hand, where the octet is spoken by Mary's lover and the sestet by her, a single reader could easily make the change apparent. And yet, when Mr. Laurie and Miss O'Farrell read it last week, I was left in no doubt that the sonnet gained in being read by a male and female voice.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Holy Week Reunion

LONG YEARS AGO Ronald (now Monsignor) Knox delighted undergraduate Oxford with a satirical pamphlet, inspired by one of those recurrent Utopian attempts to unite the Christian Churches, entitled *Reunion All Round*. Some wretch borrowed my copy and failed to return it. But I remember that one of the things visualised by the irreverent and not yet Reverend author was the daily ascent of a Muezzin to the top of each cathedral tower, whence he would proclaim some strictly non-controversial dogma, such as 'The Early Bird catches the Worm'.

I will not say that the B.B.C.'s Holy Week programmes aspired to that summit of blank impartiality 'twixt sect and sect. But they contrived to cater, and to cater admirably, for every taste in belief and unbelief. For the conventionally orthodox, the 'St. Matthew Passion' on the Midland Regional and 'The Dream of Gerontius'; for the orthodox with high-brow leanings, the choral version of Haydn's 'Seven Last Words' (*rara avis*) and Lennox Berkeley's 'Stabat Mater'; for the ethical with vague aspirations but no fixed creed, Michael Tippett's 'A Child of Our Time'; and for the mystics, the semi-Buddhist 'Savitri' of Gustav Holst, a lovely little work which was given an exquisite performance. For the infidels there was an ample ration of secular music, some of it quite in the 'Early Bird' style.

Perhaps I should qualify the term 'high-brow' applied to Berkeley's 'Stabat Mater'. By it I mean only that its harmonic idiom is unlikely to commend it to the larger audience which revels in the sensuous emotionalism of 'Gerontius'. Berkeley's beautiful setting of the medieval Sequence produces, by an uncannily successful mating of Italianate *arioso* with a polyphonic texture and a spare orchestration, an effect of Byzantine starkness and grandeur. The German Gothic *Mater dolorosa* reproduced on the cover of the score published by Messrs. Chester seems to me quite inappropriate. This music is less intimate and human, more hieratic than that tear-ravaged face suggests. The work, which was excellently sung under Anthony Bernard's direction, is not, perhaps, all on one level. I find the opening pages rebirbative and the bass aria, 'Sancta Mater istud agas', too crabbed.

Michael Tippett's oratorio, modelled on Bach and Handel in its general form, had, when it appeared, something of the topical impact of Menotti's opera, 'The Consul', which we are to hear during the current week. But Tippett succeeds in generalising where Menotti sticks unpoetically to the particular. So the wretched

youth, driven to crime by desperation, is raised above the level of journalism and is invested with a heroic dignity and his story takes on an epic quality—or would do, but for the lamentably prosaic and skimpy libretto. I cannot agree with those who see in the text one of the virtues of this work. Again the performance by Yorkshire choir and orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent was first-rate.

Among the soloists in Tippett's oratorio was

Miss Nancy Evans. Two evenings before she had sung a number of modern French songs, and these two performances showed that she has advanced into the front rank among our singers. Her collaborators in the chamber-concert were Helen Pyke and Paul Hamburger, who have lately brought the piano duet (four hands at one instrument) back into circulation, giving it the sanction of most accomplished performance. They have a wonderful sense of tone-

colour and a perfect together-ness. Stravinsky's 'Pièces faciles', like the delightful children's music they played earlier in the evening, may be easy, but it cannot be easy to play them as well as all that. But, if difficulty is to be the criterion of excellence, well neither Debussy's 'Epigraphes antiques' nor Schubert's Fantasy in F minor, which they played on the previous Friday, are in the beginner's class.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Mozart's Masses

By A. HYATT KING

The Mass in C minor will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday, April 4 (Home), and at 8.30 p.m. on Thursday, April 5 (Third)

THE English Mozart revival of the twentieth century has tended, in its enthusiasm for his operas and instrumental music, to forget that he composed any masses apart from the Requiem and, perhaps, the C minor (K.427). Mozart wrote his first complete setting of the Mass, K.49, in 1768 when he was twelve; his nineteenth, the Requiem, was left unfinished when he died. He also composed upwards of fifty other liturgical pieces, including nine Kyries, several Vespers, Litanies, Antiphons and the like, of which the earliest dates from 1766, and the last, the 'Ave verum corpus' from 1791. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Mozart's settings of the Mass and his other sacred works were composed regularly throughout his life. More than nine-tenths of them date from the period 1766 to 1781 and are thus the product of his childhood or early manhood. The reason is that, after he left Salzburg and went to Vienna, he held no permanent appointment in court or church and so was deprived of the stimulus of ecclesiastical occasions.

His position at Salzburg, and—to a lesser extent—his travels, called forth a continual stream of this exquisitely beautiful and sincere music. The epithet 'sincere' may still provoke disagreement because it conflicts with a theory, which seems to have originated in an influential book entitled *On the Purity of Music* written in 1824 by an eminent jurist named A. F. J. Thibaut. Part of his thesis was, briefly, that Mozart's masses were vulgar and insincere, because of their secular style, which contrasted unfavourably with the purer, more truly religious style of the sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century composers. Though this argument was based upon a historical fallacy, it long held the field and is not wholly dead even today. It has formed the basis of much prejudice against the church music of Mozart, and, incidentally, of Haydn. The truth is, of course, that in no period have composers ever evolved a sacred style that was wholly distinct from that of their secular music. Had Bruckner written operas, would they have differed essentially in idiom from his masses? If Mozart's setting of the 'Dona nobis pacem' or 'Agnus dei' sounds theatrical, it is not because his Catholicism was insincere, but because the musical idiom at his command was one which had developed similarly for both stage and church.

Moreover, we should never forget that this music loses almost as much by being detached from its proper purpose and environment as does opera when given in broadcast or concert performance. The sacrifice of the Mass, being fraught with drama and symbolism, served Mozart as an enduring source of musical inspiration from his childhood. For its full effect, this music needs the rich ceremonial of the great

churches of Salzburg, such as two of the rococo masterpieces of Fischer von Erlach, the University Church and that at St. Maria Blain. If divorced from the marvellously contrived unity of space, ornamentation and colour that is found in such buildings as these, Mozart's interpretation of the solemn ritual of the Mass is bound to lose something of its emotional grandeur.

But of course the purely musical interest remains. The style of all these masses is a fascinating amalgam which shows Mozart under two principal influences—first, the tradition established by the older generation of Salzburg musicians and, second, the manner favoured by the church musicians of northern Italy. In Salzburg the two most important composers were Eberlin and Michael Haydn who had crystallised the tradition whereby certain parts of the Mass—notably the 'Cum spiritu sancto' and 'Et in vitam venturi saeculi' and the final sections were set contrapuntally. This usage Mozart accepted, but gradually modified its style as his technique expanded and gave freedom and flexibility to his polyphony. It was in the homophonic parts of the Mass that the effect of his Italian journeys made in 1769, 1771 and 1773 was most marked. Much of the music which he heard in Milan was immeasurably more brilliant and florid than anything known to him from his experience in Salzburg or Vienna. Here, as throughout his career, *nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*. He tempered the brilliance with his inimitable tenderness: he modified the florid vocal line with subtly varied symmetry. The passionate intensity of his personal faith breathed new life into the moribund formalism of an outworn musical tradition.

Through sheer imaginative power Mozart achieved remarkable variety in successive settings of the same words. There is no doubt that for him, as even more for J. S. Bach, certain words and phrases (particularly those suggesting movement) were associated with consistently similar musical phrases. The contrast implied in 'descendit' and 'ascendens' and in 'crucifixus' and 'resurrexit' are obviously evocative: the idea of supplication provides another set of musical associations. But so varied were these that even in the masses composed in his childhood, there is never any suggestion of repetitive or derivative treatment of the identical text.

The date of the early C minor Mass (K.139) presents something of a problem, but whether composed in 1768 or 1771 it contains striking evidence of Mozart's genius. Scored for four voices, strings, organ, oboes, three trombones, four trumpets and drums, it is a work of the most amazing power and originality which well deserves revival, and runs to over 900 bars in length. All the masses written in Salzburg after 1772 were much shorter than this owing to the taste of the Archbishop Hieronymus

Colloredo, who succeeded Archbishop Sigismund von Schrattenbach in that year and expressed a definite preference for brevity! No service at which he officiated was to exceed forty-five minutes.

The last setting of any part of the Mass which Mozart composed before finally leaving Salzburg was the sombre and majestic Kyrie in D minor (K.341) which is generally assumed, from the inclusion of clarinets (which were lacking at Salzburg) to have been composed early in 1781 in an effort to impress the Elector of Mannheim at the time of 'Idomeneo'. It is this 'Kyrie', more than any of the masses composed between 1776 and 1780, that foreshadows the greatness of the second mass in C minor (K.427) which owes its origin to a vow made by the composer, that when he returned to Salzburg from Vienna, bringing Constanze as his wife, he would celebrate the occasion with a mass. But owing to pressure of other work, the only sections actually composed were the 'Kyrie', 'Gloria' (in seven numbers), 'Sanctus' and 'Benedictus', and the first part of the 'Credo'. Mozart also left an extensive sketch for the 'Et incarnatus'.

At the first performance, which took place in St. Peter's Church on August 15, 1783, Constanze sang one of the soprano parts. The missing sections were supplied from Mozart's own earlier masses, a practice followed in the edition prepared by Alois Schmitt (1901) which is generally used for modern performance. Perhaps it is unfair to pass judgment on a large-scale work left uncompleted, but there seems to be a lack of unity in style for which the unquestionable grandeur and brilliance of separate numbers do not fully compensate. As a piece of choral writing, the 'Qui tollis' is superb. The voices move in eight parts, with most effective descending chromaticism symbolically eloquent of the weight of sin that man lays upon the Son of God. The counterpoint of the 'Osanna', a long double fugue, and of the 'Cum spiritu sancto', is most impressive; their technical ingenuity owes something to the study of Bach and Handel which Mozart had made in Vienna through the enthusiasm of Baron van Swieten. The elaborate magnificence of these fugue sections throws into relief the lyrical clarity of the 'Benedictus', the only number in which all four soloists (two sopranos, tenor and bass) are heard together. The free concertante style of this music is matched by the haunting and graceful 'Et incarnatus', a soprano solo, full of bravura in slowish tempo. It ends with a most unusual cadenza for the soloist and obligato wood-wind. Of the sincerity of the whole Mass there can be no doubt: but it is questionable whether profundity of mood—as typified by the trombones in the very opening of the 'Kyrie'—and superlative technique can offset a certain lack of spontaneity in creation.

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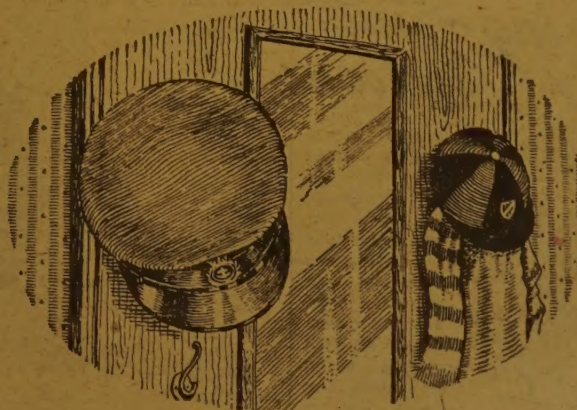


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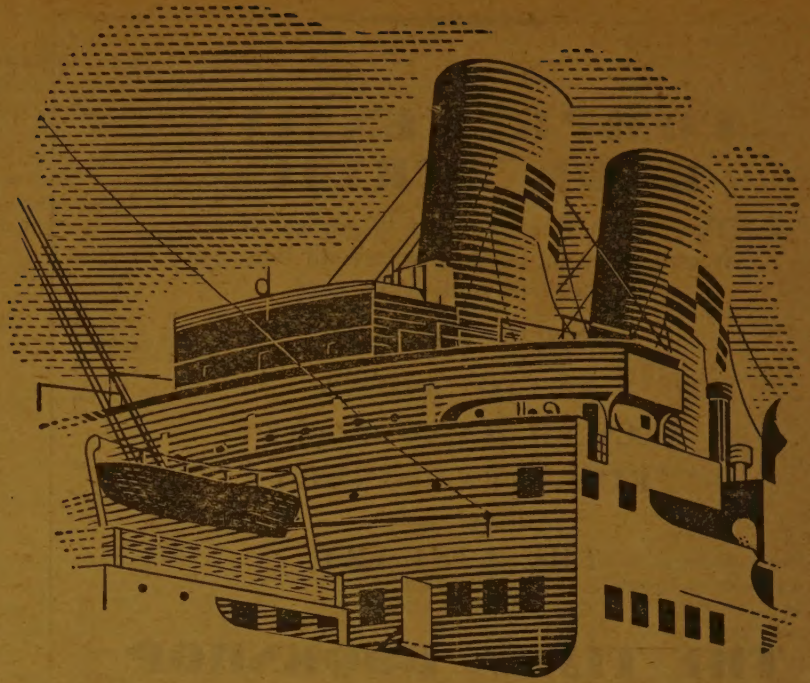
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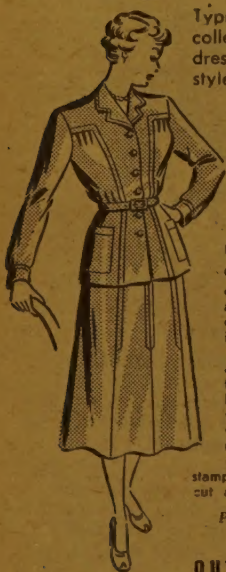


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Advice for the Housewife

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Put your bowl and flour in a warm place before you start. You need:

- 1 lb of flour
- 2 oz. of margarine
- 1 egg
- teaspoon of salt
- pint warm milk
- oz. of sugar
- oz. of yeast

Sieve the salt and flour together, rub in the margarine. Mix the yeast to a cream with the sugar; pour it into the flour. Add the beaten egg and warm milk. Mix all together and knead well until you have a smooth ball. Cover the bowl with a cloth and leave in a warm place for the dough to rise. This takes about 1½ hours. Now roll out the dough thinly on a lightly floured board and cut it into triangles. Starting from the long side, roll up towards the point, then bend the roll round to form a horseshoe. Brush with a little milk to give the bread a gloss, and bake for 10 minutes in a hot oven.

You can use this same recipe for bridge rolls. Instead of rolling the dough, simply break off little pieces and make into rolls.

This bread will keep fresh for several days.

BETTY GRIGGS

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spoils the paint for ever. If you use sugar-soap it is important to follow the makers' instructions and work with the right solution for cleaning. Too strong a solution strips the paint off.

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RUTH DREW

IDEA FOR SPACE SAVING

I have fourteen fireside alcoves in my house and we find the thing is not to think of them as fireside alcoves at all but as ready-made furniture. All that is needed is a few shelves and a door or curtain and you have a sideboard, a crockery dresser, a wardrobe, a bookcase or a cupboard. I have alcoves in use as all these: toy cupboards in the boys' bedrooms; bookcases and radio shelf in the living-room; two wardrobes in the other bedrooms; a food cupboard in the kitchen; an airing cupboard—and I have not used them all yet.

I fix wood battens from the top of the skirting-board up to the ceiling, using four screws in each. Then at the height where I want the shelves to come I put in screw eyes, big ones, about ¾-inch across the head. The shelves rest on these, and I can stand quite safely on a shelf supported in this way—and I weigh over thirteen stone. Another thing, if you want to adjust the height of a shelf at any time, all you have to do is to unscrew the screw eyes and replace them higher up or lower down. If you move house you lift

out the shelves, unscrew the battens and take the whole lot with you.

W. P. MATTHEW

Some of Our Contributors

ROM LANDAU (page 487): author and sculptor; member of Executive Committee, World Congress of Faiths, London, 1936-44; member of Arab Committee, Political Intelligence Department, Foreign Office, 1941-44; Senior Specialist, Middle East Division, Ministry of Information, 1941; editor (with Professor A. J. Arberry) of *Islam Today*; author of *Invitation to Morocco*, etc.

W. G. HOLFORD, F.R.I.B.A., M.T.P.I. (page 493): Professor of Town Planning, University College, London; joint author of the City of London Plan; author of *The Future of Merseyside, Town and City*, etc.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD (page 495): Secretary of the Navy Record Society; at present editing previously unpublished papers of Admiral Lord Keith; author of *Lord Cochrane, A Short History of the Royal Navy, The Voyages of Captain Cook, Captain Marryat and the Old Navy*, etc.

DR. W. D. WALL (page 497): Reader in Education, Birmingham University; author of *The Adolescent Child*

REV. J. O. COBBHAM (page 498): Principal of The Queen's College, Birmingham; Recognised Lecturer in Theology, Birmingham University; Canon of Birmingham Cathedral

ALEXANDER PARKER (page 509): Reader in Spanish, Aberdeen University

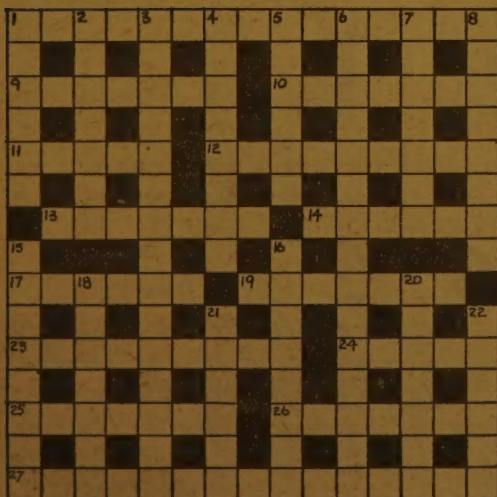
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Patchwork.

By Altair

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CLUES—ACROSS

1. Seasonable portents? A little thundery perhaps (15, four words).
9. Behead Ann and let her describe a circle with Laura (7).
10. Apiarists are careful imported queens do not take this home (7, hyphen).
11. Trace of something missing (7).
12. Mile beach (anag.) (9).
13. Jean Gravelet was not a ballet-dancer, though he danced on air (7).
14. Inroad for decree (6).
17. Unlikely to be a friar if met on a modern road (6).
19. Famous picture of admiral when young (7).
23. April suit for southern melody (9).
24. Shakespeare's word for: 'Cat would eat fish, but would not wet her feet' (5).
25. Change one letter in 'hamlets' and rearrange for an empty belief (7).
26. To be this is especially distressing to the modern householder (7).
27. Churchwarden of St. Ewold's whose son came to grief at the quintain (15, two words).

DOWN

1. Driving position (6).
2. Widow who taught Amy Dorrit to say 'prunes and prisms' (7).
3. Grammatical division frowned on by old pedants (15, two words).
4. Its odour is not really required by convention in hospitals (8).

5. Bedraggled bird returns to a cry as the result of a mixed marriage (6).
6. Popular song suggests suitable mooring place for Andy Hanks' *Cotton Blossom*.
7. Dare girl to finish a sort of cornflour (7).
8. 'and grew a—bath, which yet men prove Against strange maladies a sovereign cure' (Shakespeare's Sonnets) (8).
15. He was pinched by 'fairies' in Windsor Park (8).
16. Bill Sikes' dog (8).
18. Irregular motion included in her list (7).
20. I enter the castle and make it resilient (7).
21. Spice for a junket (6).
22. 'By the light he spies Lucretia's glove, wherein her—sticks' (Shakespeare's 'Lucrece') (6).

Solution of No. 1,089

Prizewinners:
Miss N. G. Cundall (York); Mrs. R. M. Fricker (Dartford); Mrs. D. M. Kent (Leicester); Miss D. M. Morton (Royton); D. J. Parrett (London, E.12).

B	L	S	T	C	K	N	G	S	S
C	H	R	R	P	T	R	C	T	
C	M	M	N	T	D	M	N	B	L
L	B	T	N	N	D	C	B	L	T
T	R	N	G	P	B	L	C	S	T
T	R	N	S	T	L	S	K	N	C
N	F	N	T	R	N	D	S	T	R
W	K	K	G	T	R	S	N	P	
T	N	P	M	S	S	L	N	T	L
S	T	R	T	M	H	T	L	S	S

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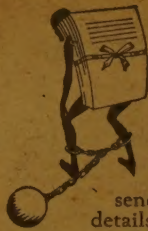


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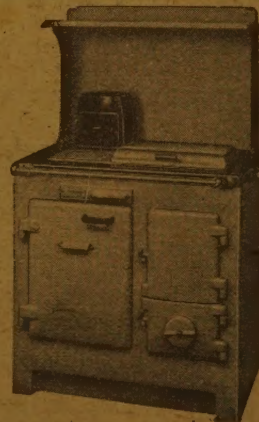
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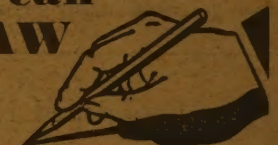
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